

The Danger of Low Ideals

W. S.

IT IS not Communism nor Fascism nor any outside danger that threatens the Catholic Faith in our country today. The most insidious danger to our Holy Faith is the low ideals that underlie the spiritual indifference of Catholic men and women. As a practical remedy for this indifference and low idealism the religious orders are offering to ambitious Catholics affiliation with the religious life by means of the third orders. The Benedictine Order in its turn offers you the opportunity of living according to the high ideals of the Rule of St. Benedict. You can do this by becoming an Oblate of the Order of St. Benedict.

An Oblate is one who affiliates himself spiritually with some Benedictine monastery by making an oblation of himself to God, and promising to lead a more perfect Christian life in the world according to the spirit of the Rule of St. Benedict. The Oblate is thus entitled to share in the spiritual treasures of the Benedictine Order, and to enjoy the special favors and indulgences granted by the Church to Oblates. Faithful Oblates will also, as far as lies in their power, pray for and promote the good of their monastery and of the entire Benedictine Order. Any practical Catholic, not under fifteen years of age, and not a member of any Third Order, may become a Lay or Secular Oblate of St. Benedict.

Those who live amidst the tumult of the world, but are, at the same time, earnestly seeking some special means to enrich their lives spiritually, will find much consolation and inspiration by becoming Oblates of St. Benedict; for this will bring them into intimate contact with the spirit and ideals of the Benedictine Order, and its fourteen hundred years of spiritual wisdom, culture, and tradition.

To become an Oblate the following steps should be taken. 1. Have the intention to live your daily life as a Christian according to the spirit of the Rule of St. Benedict.

2. Apply to any Benedictine Abbey, or ask any Benedictine priest for further information.

3. When your application has been accepted, arrange to be clothed with the black scapular as an Oblate Novice by the Abbot of any Benedictine Abbey of your own choice, or by any Benedictine priest, or by any other priest delegated. At this time you receive the small black scapular of St. Benedict, and a medal of St. Benedict. At this time also you should provide yourself with a *Manual for Oblates* and a copy of the *Holy Rule of St. Benedict*, which can be obtained through the priest who invested you, or directly from the Abbey itself.

4. A year and a day after being invested, or as soon after that as convenient, you may make your profession or *Final Act of Oblation* in the presence of the Abbot of your own chosen monastery, or in presence of any priest delegated to receive your profession.

5. You are then a full-fledged Oblate of St. Benedict for life, and are expected, in view of your final act of Oblation to observe the statutes and rules of the Oblates to the best of your ability. The statutes and rules are given in the *Manual for Oblates*. Space forbids their being quoted here, but none of them are too difficult for the practical Catholic. Nor are they binding under pain of sin, not even venial sin. The Oblate, in return for his or her zeal, shares in the prayers and good works of the monks of the monastery for which he or she made oblation, and is remembered by the monks in their prayers, both during life and after death.

6. The readers of this magazine who feel interested in this higher form of Catholic action and life are cordially invited to communicate with the Abbey of St. Meinrad, or with the assistant moderator of Oblates, Father Walter Sullivan, O. S. B., 1312 Lincoln Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.

An Alpine Christmas

C. J. Duesing*



DAKNESS was closing in on the lonely figure of Sebastian Ambach, a peasant lad of Oberbrunnen in the Bavarian Alps. Stiff and almost numb with the cold, he quickened his pace toward the village, whose street lamps, glimmering faintly through icy fog, were a glad promise of warmth and rest and food.

His thoughts were on the happy Christmas nights of his early, carefree childhood—that was when his parents were still living—and those less cheerful nights when, orphaned, he was buffeted from pillar to post by a heartless world. He forgave his foster father, whose cruelty had made him a homeless wanderer and had cast him upon his own resources at a tender age. His beloved clarinet was strapped to his back wherever he went. With its aid he was able to eke out a frugal living. It kept him mindful, too, of the happy days when his older brother and he spent their long winter evenings at the hearth, singing and playing their favorite Alpine melodies. Twenty years ago tonight their father had taught them an original version of "Stille Nacht," not a great deal unlike the traditional version, but different enough to be distinct. It had been years now since Sebastian last heard from his brother, and except for an occasional ejaculation, he had almost given up praying, even, that they would ever meet again.

Before Sebastian reached the *Red Star Inn*, a tavern that a chance acquaintance had recommended to him, he could hear the boisterous company within. The newly painted red star above the portals assured him that he had found the right place, but the hilarity inside caused him some misgiving. He wasn't fond of noisy "pubs."

True, it was reassuring to see a small Christmas tree on a table in the corner, with a few

ornaments of colored glass, some strings, and a few strands of tinsel, and a half dozen lighted candles. The tables were filled with customers, young and old men, drinking, and smoking, and conversing in loud, unmannerly tones.

Conversation ceased momentarily as the newcomer entered. Gales of rowdy laughter followed a sally, partly witty, partly insulting, levelled at Sebastian. He was now certain that he had been directed to nothing other than a low dive. But it was warm in there; a chair looked inviting, and he decided to drink one glass of beer and after a short rest to seek food elsewhere.

Before he had finished his pot of Bavarian beer, someone started a folk-song, and the entire company took up the refrain. Sebastian unslung his clarinet and played an obligato in full rich tones, for he was a master of his instrument. Loud applause. Then an uproarious request for a solo. Scarcely had Sebastian begun to play the opening notes of a beautiful Christmas song when by a barrage of catcalls the crowd unmistakably announced that that was exactly what they did *not* want. Sebastian first carefully put away his instrument and then gave full vent to his accumulated wrath. He got as far as "casting pearls before the swine" when he suddenly felt himself lifted bodily and thrown into the street. The door charitably shut in the jeers and insults that were hurled in his direction.

When Sebastian sufficiently recovered from his surprise, he stood up in the midst of the snowdrift into which he had been hurled, balled his fists, and was on the point of dashing back into the tavern. Then he remembered the misgivings he felt even before opening the tavern door and quickly placed all the blame upon himself.

Someone approaching through the falling snow saw the discomfiture of the ejected

* Adapted for THE GRAIL from Paradieses-Fruechte.

Sebastian and thought there was a strange familiarity about his manner. The red hair of the on-looker also caught Sebastian's eye.

"Could that be—Sure it is!" And off he went after Hilary Strobel from Oberbrunn.

"Sapperlot, if it isn't 'bastian, good old 'bastian himself! Merry Christmas, old fellow. 'Bastian, if we were in the country now, I would yodel till they'd hear me in Oberbrunn. Wait till I get a chance. Let's go over to the little Capuchin monastery for a bowl of hot soup. They always throw in a generous slice of bread and a pot of beer. I'll bet I can get some free lodging for the night over there, or I'm not the happiest man alive."

Brother Ewald, the door-keeper, was helping Brother Adrian apply new patches to some already well-patched habits.

"The worst of it is," Brother Ewald was saying, "that if my sister dies, we have no rela-

tives that can take her children—all so young yet. We do have our worries, even in the monastery, don't we? I worry about my sister, and you worry about your brother."

Brother Ewald excused himself to answer the knock at the heavy door. Hilary and Sebastian stood there with hunger and distress piteously written across their faces. Good Brother Ewald was a little vexed at their request for food and "perhaps lodging for the night." When Brother Ewald was ruffled, he didn't always conceal the fact.

"That blow-horn on your back tells me a lot," he said, but he caught himself and smiled a wee smile. "You should be carrying an honest pair of books. But come in. In Christ's name you are welcome. I'll see what can be done. At least you can warm yourselves until I can call Father Guardian."

A Capuchin friar of stately appearance with a fine beard and serious eyes stepped into the room. In a few well put questions he found out all he wanted to know about the callers. "You shall have a bowl of hot soup and a pot of beer if you want it."

Brother Ewald brought the bread and soup and the indispensable beer. His tone was considerably more kind now, too, since Father Guardian seemed to want the visitors treated considerably. So hospitable was his service that Sebastian and Hilary got their heads together to devise some means to show their appreciation. Years before they had played and sung together in the village choir, and it occurred to them that an impromptu concert at the monastery gate might bring a little of the Christmas spirit and cheer into the old Brother's life.

No sooner thought than the two troubadours stepped out into the cold in the light of a brilliant moon. The strong north wind carried their music, the beautiful "Stille Nacht," through the small opening in the door, directly into the porter's cell.

Sebastian saw the white beard in the opening. "We offer this to you, Brother," he said, "to show our gratitude for the excellent treatment you have given us. May we sing another song for you?"

At this point Father Guardian appeared at a window. "Come on inside, gentlemen, and



THE TROUBADOURS STEPPED OUT INTO THE COLD IN THE LIGHT OF A BRILLIANT MOON.

sing your songs where all the brethren may hear you. Come into the refectory and sing before the Crib."

Our two musicians took their stand before the whole community, facing the plain little Crib at one end of the long room. Sebastian first played a few introductory notes, increasing in volume as he led his partner once more into the sacredly wistful strains of "Stille Nacht."

He then laid aside his instrument. In their poor patched clothes and wet shoes, their eyes devoutly bent on the face of the Divine Infant, the two musicians folded their hands piously and began to sing the soulful words of the "Stille Nacht."

Sebastian led with a clear tenor voice:

"Stilly Night! Holy Night!
Only one hallowed light..."

As the first verse died away, another Capuchin figure slipped quietly into the refectory. It was Brother Alban, the tailor.

"Stilly Night! Holy Night!
Shepherds first saw the light..."

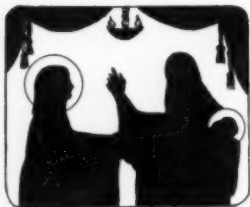
A startled movement from Brother Alban, a sudden interest in the singers rather than in the song, and a quick approach to scan their faces. He whispered something in Father Guardian's ear. Father Guardian, too, showed surprise, but nodded assent, and Brother Alban slipped up behind the singers, and as they began the third verse, his voice made it a trio, his sonorous bass harmoniously blending with the higher tones of the other two voices. Without breaking off their song, the singers momentarily turned to see who their assistant was, and then continued:

"Stilly Night! Holy Night!
Helpless Babe, God of might!..."

Sebastian turned to the Brother. "Brother Alban, you could well pass for my brother Franz, so much like him do you —"

The next song was a burst of jubilant and thankful Christmas music. Hilary yodeled while the two brothers sang. The Christ Child had brought Christmas happiness to a weary heart and an interested community.

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.



"He came by the Spirit into the temple." St. Luke 2:27.

Waiting for the Zephyr

A MAN in the ultra-modern waiting room pulled out his watch. Why, it had stopped! Oh, yes, he had forgotten to wind it after last night's gay party. And, oh, what a party! He would not have missed it for anything in the world. True, he had lost several hours of rest and sleep, but he could catch a few winks now whilst waiting for "The Zephyr," which would not be due for half an hour. The twitching elbow of the man dozing beside him nudged him, and acted as a crowbar to his leaden lids. With a start he awoke and glanced, then stared at the clock, which seemed to have run amuck. Its hour hand seemed to be pointing a telltale finger at him, whilst its minute hand appeared to point down the track over which The Zephyr had sped half an hour ago *without him*.

In the temple at Jerusalem Simeon had waited for "the Consolation of Israel" years without number, recorded in the snow-white strands of his flowing beard. He had received an answer to his prayers from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the "Anointed of the Lord." The "Spirit" that "breathes where he will," coming as a gentle zephyr in the evening of his life, had whispered to his ever-open ear that now at last his longing should be stilled. All the eager, pent up longing of the Prophets gleamed in his breaking eyes. The centuries of mankind's watchful, prayerful waiting seemed to culminate in his uplifted, trembling hands. He took the Child Jesus into his quivering arms. He had contacted grace and redemption. He was now ready to depart in peace.

God's swift-acting grace, His "Zephyr," runs on an eternally planned, unerring schedule. Sacred seasons, places and actions are its stopping places. It picks up all passengers that have learned from aged Simeon *watchful waiting* for God's free gift.

MOTION of the MASS

Gualbert Brunsman, O. S. B.

IN order to bring the rare beauty of a precious stone to full brilliance it is mounted in a setting surrounded by numerous smaller stones. So it is with the Holy Sacrifice. It is not the mere and bare sacrificial action that the Church has placed before us; She has clothed it with a rich vesture of prayer formulae which of itself is very beautiful and productive of graces. To rob the Holy Sacrifice of its setting is like robbing the King of his retinue. Not to know the significance of the prayer theme is not to appreciate the full glory of the Mass.

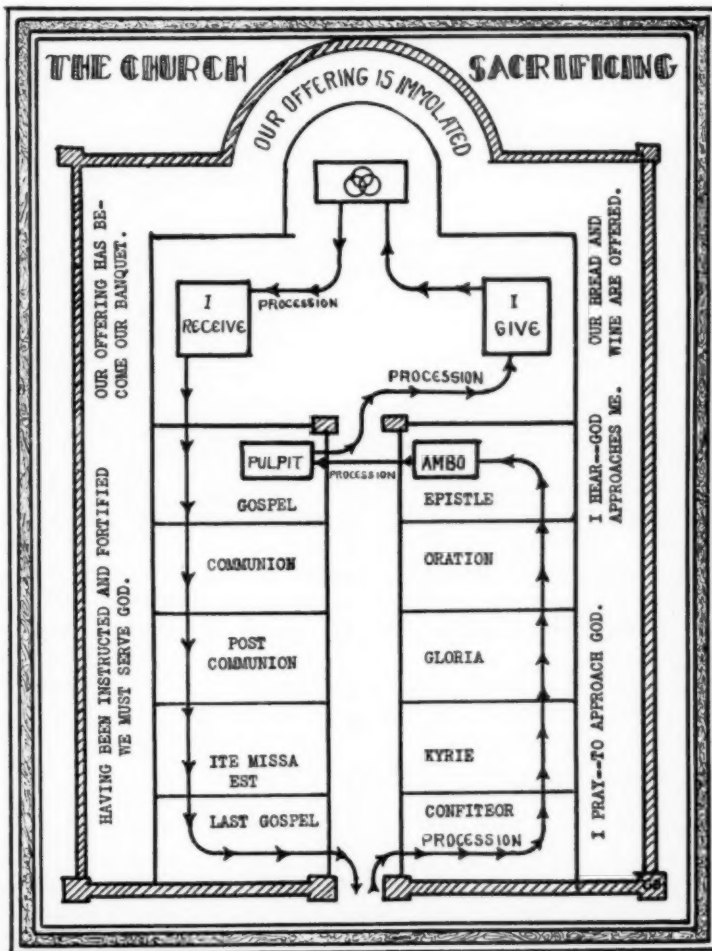
Were we, poor mortals though we be, always to appreciate absolute truth we would need no agency but absolute truth to elevate our minds. But alas, we know our weakness. Mother Church also knows it, and for this reason she uses the agency of art to stimulate us to the supernatural truths.

When we consider the Mass (apart from its sacrificial character) as a work of art, we are face to face with the greatest masterpiece the world has known. Step by step the Church excites those emotions which are best calculated to prepare the soul for the great Action of the Sacrifice. If we are not present for this preparation, or neglect to make use of it, can we say that the graces of the Sacrifice will come to us as lavishly as we need them?

In the prayer theme of the Mass, then, we see a two-fold motion, an upward and a downward motion. The picture chart looking like the ground plan of a church, gives us the artistic scheme the Church uses in order to make sure that the graces of the Sacrifice will be ours. By following the arrow line you should get the idea of the Mass being an ACTION—always moving upward until it reaches the summit of the Trinity, when our gifts have been accepted and been changed into the Body and Blood of Christ. The downward motion begins from then on, when the fruits of the Mass begin to flow down into our souls.

The upward motion begins when we enter the church and, recognizing our inability to attain to union with God, we prostrate in the CONFITEOR and ask the heavenly court to help us. If we repent we have a claim to being heard. And we ask for mercy in the KYRIE. We next remind God of the first time Christ came into the world—in the GLORIA. He is about to come again. We thank Him and ask for a particular grace in the ORATION.

After this preparation on our part we are further prepared by hearing the Word of God in the EPISTLE and GOSPEL. The fact that we have prepared ourselves and have heard God's words does not as yet entitle us to participate in the fruits of the Mass. Our preparation must be confirmed by faith in all that we have heard up to now, and in all that is about to follow. We do this in the CREDO. Unless we pass through the gates of faith we cannot hope to reap the fruits of the Holy Mass.



A Caricature of Christmas

Raymond Anthony Robson

THE return of the Christmas season invariably revives interest in the most widely known, and most often read, of the works of Charles Dickens, *The Christmas Carol*. The story of Scrooge and of his three ghostly visitors is intimately linked with Christmas. The real importance of the *Christmas Carol*, however, lies in the fact that in it Dickens has given us his most significant caricature. This caricature is not a distorted picture of an eccentric or unusual human being. It is not another Sam Weller, another Pickwick, or even another Micawber. It is, on the other hand, more evil than Squeers, Uriah Heep, or Bill Sykes. It is a caricature of *Christmas!* In the *Carol* there are all the material elements of Christmas. There is the sharp cold weather, the bustling crowd, food, warmth, cheer, and a miserly heart repenting. Yes, everything is there essential to the Christmas Scene—everything but *Christ!* The fact that no mention is made of the Child Jesus perhaps can be explained; it cannot be excused.

To explain this "oversight" on the part of Dickens it is necessary to consider the religion of the Victorian Novelist, and the times in which he lived.

Dickens was a Unitarian; consequently he denied the Divinity of Jesus. His lack of belief in Christ as God is especially evident in his *Life of Christ* which was published recently and promptly condemned by the Church. This fact is important in defending Dickens's omission, in so far as it lessens his guilt. To leave out mention of Christ, the man, is not so serious as it is to ignore Christ, God.

The second consideration is this. Dickens

lived at the height of the Industrial Revolution. Religion in England was succumbing to the new materialism. Rural population had begun its trek toward the city. A larger and larger number of people had come to be dependant on the factories and, consequently, on the unstable laws of supply and demand. All the ingenuity of man was concentrated on concentration. Poverty increased and men began to think only of money—the poor how to acquire it; the rich how to spend it. Truly, the age of Materialism had arrived!



In the midst of such conditions Charles Dickens grew to manhood. While still a child, he was left to his own resources on his father's condemnation to Marshalsea, the Debtors' Prison. What those resources were we know from *David Copperfield*. Frequently Charles was hungry and his mouth watered as he passed the baker shops with their delicious, tempting odors. Often, too, his heart sank within him as he wandered the dark streets of the world's largest city. Then he would slink up to the window of some home

stealthily to imbibe the cheer and happiness within. To the ill-fed, homeless boy food and fireside developed an importance greater than heaven itself.

But Dickens the man was always Dickens the boy. To the end of his life the smell of steaming plum pudding was intoxicating to him, and a fresh dressed turkey loomed larger than the tower of London. Early he had drunk of the cup of poverty and he knew that it was bitter. It was a youth of poverty that aroused Dickens the Reformer. With the rest of the poor he had learned to overevaluate the pleasures of wealth and comfort. His philosophy became

ill-proportioned and unreal like some of the characters in his books. His vision of heaven became a world of humanistic philanthropy. The needs of the material man dwarfed any consideration of the spiritual. In his eagerness to preach the doctrine of brotherly love, he forgot to show why men should love their brothers.

The considerations which changed Scrooge the miser into Scrooge the philanthropist are all purely natural; some of them are a trifle silly. There is nothing supernatural in Scrooge beginning to practise liberality. It is more a sense of his own meanness than the Charity of Christ which effects the change.

The world today is no better than it was in Dickens's time. Christ is less honored now at Christmas than at any time in history. The spirit of the day is evident everywhere. Christ has been long banished from the school; He is disappearing from the Church. His name and His message—it may seem insignificant to note this—have been pushed off the modern Christmas Cards in favor of puppies and crazy “flappers”! Christmas is a mad rush of buying and of giving with no one knowing just why he is buying or giving! If Dickens had no room for Christ in the *Christmas Carol*, the world of today has no room for Christ *anywhere*!

SIGN HERE

Placidus S. Kempf, O. S. B.

WHAT value has a name? That will depend on circumstances. In your own eyes you may be an insignificant individual. The world at large may know nothing of you, and care less about you. But the moment you affix your obscure, insignificant name to a negotiable piece of paper, a check, or sign a contract—by which you will receive a set of books you do not want—you step into prominence. Your name becomes as good as the gold or coin you promise to pay to the order of. . . . , or on delivery of. You have signed on the dotted line and are liable to all the responsibilities your signature entails.

We speak of contracts, and think of the agreements made between man and man. There are also contracts made between God and man which we call covenants or testaments. There is the Old and the New Covenant or Testament. The Old Testament was the contract made between God and Adam, with his posterity. The terms of this contract were:

“Increase and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it.

Of every tree in paradise thou shalt eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat.

For in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death.”

Adam defaulted, and paid the penalty.

This covenant or contract was torn in two at three o'clock on Good Friday afternoon in the year 33 A. D. It was at this hour that God made a new contract with fallen man. After changing the wine into His Precious Blood at the Last Supper, Jesus offered it to His apostles, saying: “Drink ye all of this. For this is my Blood of the *new testament* (contract) which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins.”

This new contract not merely supplanted the old, but by it God promised to restore to man what he had lost by failing to live up to the terms of the former. By it God promised to forgive man's sins and the punishment due to them. He promised to give to man all the help or grace necessary to enable him to gain possession of this heritage.

Christ sealed this contract with His Precious Blood. He did more than that. He did not hide a copy of this divine contract in the inaccessible vaults of heaven. He left this precious scroll or document with us here on earth, in the Church's keeping. Each day He personally unrolls it before our eyes in Holy Mass. Each day at Mass He gives *you* the assurance that He will live up to His part of the contract.

Now, what is your part in the contract? Your obligation is summed up by Jesus in two words: “*Remember Me!*—Do not forget what I, your Savior, have done for you by My death on the Cross.” “*Love Me!*—for love does not forget.”

My Worst and Yet---Best Mistake*

Rev. John Francis McShane

ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1930, about ten o'clock in the evening, I received a telephone message to hurry to the City Hospital, to administer the Last Sacraments to a man seriously injured in an automobile accident. I was given no name, but was advised that I would find him in the "Admitting Room," perhaps unconscious, but to give him all the rites of the Church as he was a very devout Catholic. The night clerk at the hospital further informed me that the wounded man, before he became unconscious, begged a bystander to please call the nearest Catholic priest as soon as possible to administer the Last Sacraments. The clerk added that the ambulance driver reported that when he picked up the unconscious man he was till clutching his rosary as in a death-grasp.

With this information I hurried over to the "Admitting Room" of the hospital, and was surprised and perplexed to find there, not one wounded man but two—injured in the same accident, lying side by side on separate cots, and both unconscious. All their clothing and means of identification had been removed by an orderly preparatory to an examination and possible hurried operation. The orderly and his assistants had already completed their work, and had left that part of the hospital: only an interne, making his examination of both cases, remained in the room. As to the identity of the two men the interne was as ignorant as I. For a moment I pondered: one of the unconscious men was a Catholic—of this I was certain. But who was the other fellow? and how did it happen that the two lay side by side? Which one was the Catholic? Could it be that both were Catholics?

At the Main Office I found only the night-clerk. He had been on duty only a short time, and could give me little information. With him, however, I checked up on the record left by the Ambulance Driver and learned that the two men had been injured in the same accident, and that both had been brought to the hospital together unconscious. One of them was listed as Thomas Dugan, but the other was as yet unidentified.

Returning to the Admitting Room I again faced the mystery of which was which — which one was Thomas Dugan, and which was the other fellow. Something must be done, and done immediately. I dare not take chances, and gamble with an immortal soul—perhaps

"To err is human" sang the inspired bard of old. The saying was true in the days of old, it is true today, and I am quite sure it will be true tomorrow. Strange to say, we sometimes make two mistakes, and sometimes more in the very same act—and this with the very best of motives. And again oft-times, strange to say, out of these same errors comes the greatest good, as I may evidence from an experience of mine at the Indianapolis City Hospital.

two—at stake. Death I realized would not wait for my decision. I was, for the time being, judge and jury and my decision must be forthcoming and final.

Finally I concluded, no matter which was which,

both of them might be Catholics, and as such were entitled to the Rites of the Church. This would seem plausible, as they were both injured, according to the report of the Ambulance Driver, in the same accident. Perhaps they were relatives riding in the same automobile. So, with all this in mind I forthwith proceeded to give both all the Rites of the Church, concluding with the Apostolic Blessing, and the Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death.

With this, as far as I was concerned, my work was, for the time being, completed, and I returned home, happy with the thought that, no matter which was which, both were safe, and provided for. Should a mistake have been made, should one unworthy or incapable of receiving the Last Sacraments have been given them, under the trying circumstances—well, the mistake was mine, made in the best of faith: the Great Lover of all souls, I knew, would condone it, and would love me and the soul thus especially favored even the more.

The next morning, after my Mass, I paid a special visit to the accident ward at the hospital, and inquired for Thomas Dugan. I was given the information that he had regained consciousness, but was still in a critical condition. On pushing aside the screen that enclosed his bed I found him just recovering from a violent spell of vomiting. As soon as he recognized me as a priest he reverently grasped my hand, kissed it, and asked my blessing.

"If you are able now, Mr. Dugan," I broke in, "you must make your confession, and I will give you absolution. You must know last night I gave you all the rites of the Church after you had been brought into the hospital unconscious.

"Yes," he whispered, carefully holding his hands on his breast, "I thank you very kindly. I am ready and only too glad to obey your command."

With his confession completed I inquired the name of his companion in the accident, or at least the name of the one who had been brought in with him in the ambulance the night before.

"There was no one with me," he replied—"no one at all, Father. I am a night-watchman at a factory on West Washington St. Last night I was making my

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rounds outside as usual in a light, misty rain. A heavy fog of smoke and mist had set in, making it very difficult to see even five feet away. All of a sudden I heard a loud crash, was blinded by the flashing lights of a run-a-way automobile, was knocked unconscious, and run over by the automobile—and that is all, Reverend Father. I hope you will get me ready for heaven. May the good Lord reward you, and protect you."

"May the good Lord protect you too, my good man," I answered. "You are seriously ill, but I will not say you are going to join the angels just yet. Be patient, and in due time you will be dismissed a better man than ever. I must hunt up your companion of last night, and find out how he fares. Good-bye! and may the good God bless you."

After some little delay I located in the "Detention Ward," a ward or section set apart and guarded by a police officer, for the injured and sick prisoners, the mysterious and accidental companion of Mr. Dugan. He had regained consciousness, but was only partially able to give an account of the accident of the previous night. The nurse gave me the information that, from identification papers on his person, his name was Martin Iroski; that he suffered a compound fracture of the skull, a broken arm and leg, and other facial and body lacerations; and that he had at best only a few hours to live.

From the records of the police department, on file at the policeman's desk, at the entrance to the ward, it appeared that, on the previous night, the patient was driving his automobile on West Washington St., at a moderate rate of speed when, on attempting a sharp turn, on account of the wet pavement, his car skidded, jumped the high curb, side-swiped a telephone pole, and accidentally struck and seriously injured Thomas Dugan, a night-watchman on duty at the time. The car was completely wrecked, and the occupant seriously injured, and rendered unconscious.

On approaching the white cot of the mystery man I looked him squarely in the eyes without saying a word, and paused to note his response to my presence. Were he a Catholic, I reasoned, he would evidence it by look or gesture. A Catholic, even a fallen-away, I have experienced, will respond in some way, under like circumstances, to the presence of a priest, nine times out of ten. In this case, however, there was no reaction—no response. Although as still as death his bloodshot eyes peered mysteriously from out the snow-white bandages that completely enveloped his head and arms. His lips were white and motionless. He saw me only as a transient visitor, perhaps to a nearby patient. It was quite evident my presence meant little, or nothing to him. I soon realized that I must take the initiative, and bridge the gulf between us.

"Good morning!" I finally said. "You have not as yet joined the angels!"

"No, sir!" he replied in an inquiring tone, "not yet. But why do you talk thus?"

"I gave you" I broke in,

"the Last Rites of the Church—the Catholic Church—last night, believing you to be a Roman Catholic, and prepared you for the long, last trail of death into eternity—to join the angels."

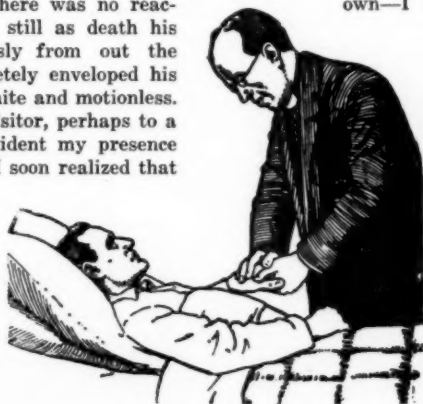
"Why did you do so?" he interjected. "Don't you know who I am? You have unknowingly made your worst mistake—and maybe, your best one! The case becomes genuinely interesting and important. You Catholic priests rarely make such mistakes. There may be, and there probably is a reason, in the providence of God for all of this, with me the beneficiary."

"You must know, Father, I am a Jew, born and reared in Poland, where many of my people have embraced Catholicism, and have faithfully lived up to it—in fact have found it socially and financially to their advantage. As a matter of fact, in our home village in Poland, over two-thirds of us Jews were Roman Catholics, and good ones too. As a boy I knew very little of my Jewish religion, and much of the Catholic. There was no synagogue in the village, so what few devotions we Jews had, we had in the privacy of our own homes. My father was a successful merchant—a butcher—who found it necessary in his business to cater to the Catholic population, even to the extent of quite often attending divine services, and of generously contributing to the support of the church, the same as the regular members; some considered us regular Catholics. We children loved to attend Catholic services with father and mother, and early learned to appreciate the many fine points about your faith and ceremonies. One of the great ambitions of my boyhood days was to be able and privileged to serve at the altar, as your wonderful little altar-boys so charmingly and angelically do. But that great ambition, I am sorry to narrate, I never realized."

"Although I never formally embraced the Catholic Faith I grew more and more to genuinely love it, and planned some day—some happy day—to really embrace it. And now, Father, perhaps that "some day" has at last arrived—is this very day! I really and truly—with all my heart and being—love the Faith you teach and exemplify. I feel satisfied now that my end has come," he continued as the tears dropped from his fine, big, blue eyes. "Yes, I feel in my soul that I am soon to say farewell to all the things of this world, and to journey into the great beyond, I want to be one of your own—I want to be baptized a Roman Catholic!"

"Wonderful! wonderful, indeed, is the grace of God!" I exclaimed grasping his bandaged hand. "And how wonderfully too, He uses us priests as His instruments!"

"Little did you realize," I continued, addressing him, "that in this very accident, as unfortunate and destructive as it has been, that God has wrought His greatest wonders, has brought the best out of the worst, and has this day brought salvation to the House of Israel."



Without more ado, acting on the advice and warning of the nurse that death was near at hand, I disposed the good soul for the reception of baptism—baptized him under the name of Martin, as that was his name, gave him his First Communion, as I had the Blessed Sacrament with me, anointed him, and concluded with the administration of the Apostolic Blessing for the hour of death.

After the reception of the Sacraments, judging from the almost superhuman light that betimes flashed from his loving blue eyes, he seemed as in an ecstasy; his lips moved, but with the thoughts too deep for words; his heart throbbed with the new love and power of his newly found Saviour.

In his farewell I wrapped my own favorite rosary about his prayerfully clasped hands, and commended him to the care of her, "the Refuge of Sinners" and the "Gate of Heaven."

Throughout the rest of the day I felt genuinely and supremely happy in the good work of my second Jewish convert, and consoled in the realization that out of my "worst mistake," to use the very words of my new friend in Christ, and of course the grace of God, came the greatest good—salvation and heaven to a worthy son of Israel.

To climax it all for the day, and to satisfy myself before retiring for the night, I telephoned the night-clerk at the City Hospital as to the condition of my convert, and received the laconic reply:

"Martin Iroski died this evening at 7:15."

"May his beautiful Jewish soul rest in eternal peace!" I added to my night prayers—and with the further addition too: "if such is the holy will of my Lord and Saviour, may I make many more such mistakes as I made last night. Amen."

You Have to Pay For It

Alfred F. Horrigan

JOE RAUVIN lay on his bunk and scowled at the beaverboard partition of the barrack room. The rough O. D. blanket irritated the back of his neck, but for that matter everything about C. C. C. company No. 1768 irritated Joe this particular Christmas-Eve afternoon. He let his thoughts limp wearily back to the day he had enrolled in the C. C. C. nine months, two weeks and five days previously. That unforgettable, unforgivable day when he stumbled home from his eternally futile search for a job, and saw in the eyes of his younger brothers and sisters the most terrifying sight in the world—the child's look of stark hunger. The C. C. C. had been his only answer. It meant his own support and at least \$25 a month for the family. It meant the end of all his plans and ambitions for the time being, too, but that didn't matter; he couldn't let it.

So Joe Ravuin had come to the C. C. C. He remembered that first night at the concentration base at Fort Knox. He could still see the endless line of nondescript derelicts of which he was a part passing through the inspection tent in single file. The very stars seemed to have malignantly sneered as he had dully accepted the tin canteen, the tin knife, the tin spoon, the tin fork, the too large O. D. shirt, the too small O. D. trousers and the two right foot shoes which were issued to him. He had been assigned to Company No. 1768 located at the Fort itself and he had been there ever since. After the first week he had applied for k.p. duty. It meant six dollars extra a month—and thirteen hours a day of garbage cans, dirty tin and cold grease. He had

stuck it out, but hard and crooked little lines had begun to appear around the corners of his mouth. Every month he had sent home \$31; the other five had gone into his trunk locker under the bunk. There was \$45 in it now. During all those nine months, two weeks and five days of garbage cans, dirty tin, and cold grease he hadn't spent a cent on himself. On those long, long Saturday evenings during the summer and fall he had sat shirtless and unshaven on the mess hall steps and watched the other members of the company start up the highway toward Louisville or head for the picture show or post exchange.

A click of heavy boots broke in on Joe's reveries. He thought he recognized the step; the wearer of the boots was walking on his full foot, so it couldn't be one of the regular army officers. That left only Chaplain McDonald, the Catholic priest who had arrived three months before. Joe wasn't particularly anxious to see the priest. The awareness of the fact that he had missed Mass on the last two Sundays was disquieting. He didn't look up as the click of the boots stopped at the foot of the bunk.

"How are you, Joe?" The priest's voice was bantering-ly friendly.

"All right," came the somewhat sullen reply.

There was a moment of uneasy silence. "If you are leaving tonight, Joe, I suppose you will want to go to confession this afternoon. I'm starting to hear in the Captain's office in about half an hour." There was

another strained pause. "I know things are pretty tough, Joe, but they are not so bad as they might be. Not so bad, say, as they might be in a stable." The boots clicked away.

"Not so bad as they might be in a stable." Joe went back to scowling. The same old stuff the sky-pilots pulled out of their hats every year at Christmas time. When he was going to the Catholic high school at home he had been all for that kind of racket, too; the Christmas star and the shepherds and the "Glory to God and peace on earth" line. Sure, it sounded swell, but it didn't pay off. Whatever glory and peace there was in this world you got by hammering them out of life with everybody against you. You got it by thirteen hours a day of garbage cans and tin and grease. Well, he was on the inside this Christmas. For nine months, two weeks and five days he had been saving for this time. He hadn't taken a day's leave. There was a full week coming to him starting at six o'clock this evening and there were forty-five dollars in the trunk locker under his bunk. The family, with his help and slightly improved conditions was doing all right and the money was his. Well, there was going to be Christmas cheer and peace and glory for him this year, but they weren't going to have anything to do with Church and this goodwill stuff. He was going to buy them with the money that he had earned, and the rest of the world could go to the devil for all he cared. The first thing that he was going to do was buy a shirt that was white and clean and had all the buttons on. Then there were going to be meals served on dishes which weren't tin or greasy, and with the food cooked right. If he wanted it, there was liquor; and other things nice people didn't approve of. If you wanted a real Christmas, you had to pay for it.

For the second time Joe's thoughts were interrupted. This time it was the sound of a racking sob that did it. He glanced around to find the source. It was not far sought. On the third bunk down the line was the sprawled, shaking figure of one of his fellow k.p.'s. whom everyone called the "Kid."

"What's the riot?" Joe growled roughly. There was no answer. He waited a moment then walked slowly over to the other bunk. The "Kid," in answer to Joe's question, now repeated a little more gently than the first time, raised his head displaying a grimed and tear-splattered face. He gulped. "It's Mom. She wants me to come home and I can't." Joe finally got the details of the story. The "Kid's" mother, who lived out in Kansas, had been rather sick for some time, and wanted him to come home now because she thought it would be her last Christmas. The "Kid" was broke and on k.p. detail for the holidays. He couldn't get relieved unless someone took his place. To borrow money or to get a substitute for k.p. work during Christmas time in a C. C. C. camp—those kinds of things just don't happen. Joe listened in silence, shrugged his shoulders and started back toward his own bunk. The old "Little Red Riding Hood" set up; Christmas, sick mother, no money. Sure, it was tough, but he had

heard a hundred tougher stories during the last couple of months. So what?

Then with a suddenness of a punch in the jaw Joe knew what was going to happen. Something inside of him yelled and screamed in protest. His thoughts writhed in agony like wounded serpents. But it was no use. He thought of nine months, two weeks and five days of garbage cans, dirty tin, and cold grease, and turned pale. He shook his head. This thing couldn't be happening to him. It didn't make sense. It was something out of one of those silly stories the Sisters used to tell the kids in grade school. It wasn't fair, it wasn't! But all the while he knew he was up against something too big to fight; it had him. He put his hand into his pocket and slowly took out the key of his trunk locker in the bottom of which there was enough money for a trip to Kansas.

Twenty minutes later Joe Rauvin walked into the Captain's office. There was a certain unusual calmness about him, and the hard and crooked little lines around the corners of his mouth seemed less pronounced. Chaplain McDonald looked up from his breviary as he entered. "Father," Joe spoke slowly, "I'm not leaving tonight. I'm staying on for k.p. duty. But I would kind of like to go to confession anyhow. You know, Father, I have been way off on a lot of things. There is one thing, though, I was dead right on. If you want a real Christmas you have to pay for it."



THE HOUSE OF PRAYER

Your heart's a crowded temple court
Where prayers are drowned by din and shout,
And Christ must knot some cords again
To drive the money-changers out.
Let Jesus take His scourge in hand
To cleanse His temple once again
That it may be a house of prayer
And not a thieves' and usurers' den.

Drive out the calves, the goats, and lambs,
Let loose the doves from out their cage,
Sweep out the jangling coins of trade
Lest sin and death shall be your wage.
He'll bring you peace and joy again,
And make your heart His temple fair,
And let His Holy Spirit dwell
Within your heart, His house of prayer.

Paschal Boland, O. S. B.

Christ and the Racial Question

Irvin Morthorst

FOR quite some time we have heard and read much about that question so fearfully labelled interracial. Books have been written, pamphlets have been published, newspapers have featured and editorialized this much mooted topic until it has become one of prime interest in today's social outlook.

Many writers attempt to explain the subject using their own ideas and principles, aided by a few compilations and statistics, as the basis and norm for all their arguments. That's all very interesting. But, we have a Leader Whose divine word is law. Our interest and activity would naturally follow more readily His attitude toward the subject. Hence, let us take a look at His doctrine concerning the topic.

The first, the greatest of all commands, He says, is that which orders us to love God and Creator, the Preserver, and therefore, the Father of all mankind. We were taught to pray, not "*my* Father," but "*Our* Father who art in Heaven." Our Father; man's common Father; of whom all men are sons; all brothers of one another. As brothers and neighbors we are all subject to the second command, to love one another, even as we love ourselves. St. Paul going still farther gives us his wonderfully perfect doctrine of the Mystical Body bringing the tie of relationship even closer; making of us all members of the same Body whose Head is Christ. Aches and pains cooperate to injure and maim and weaken the powers of the physical body. So too, do hatred and envy and uncharitableness to one another, whether white or black, combine with the devil to debilitate that cooperation necessary for the perfect functioning of that Mystical Body, which should be and would be, if we were to follow what the Holy Spirit has dictated, the most healthy organism created.

Christ taught this law of equal brotherly love. Did He practice it? Recall to mind just whom He chose for His Apostles. Were they not from the laboring class? Was not one of them of the universally despised

publican class? Did Christ refuse to associate with those who were regarded by the public as sinners? Mary Magdalen received His forgiveness. The woman taken in adultery found in Him her only just Judge. And so on.

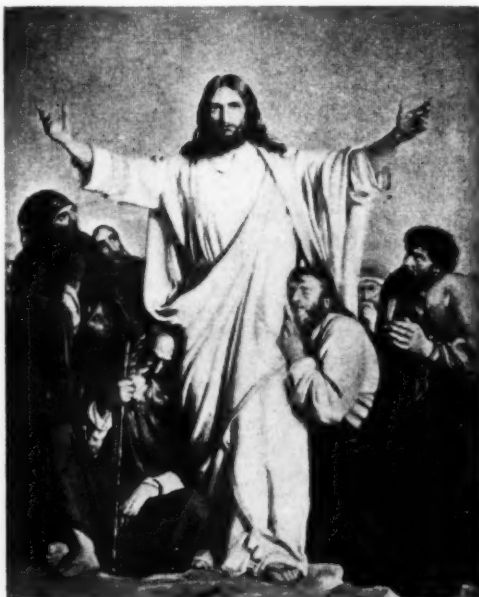
Once He was told that His Mother and brethren were without, awaiting Him. But, who, He queried, are My Mother and My brethren but all those who serve the Lord, the true God, the Father of all men?

Did He explicitly oblige us to fulfill this command? Take the parable of the Good Samaritan. All of us agree that the Samaritan's deed was a wonderful thing and merited a grand reward. But, are we just to admit that fact and admire him for it? No, Christ said, "Go thou, and do likewise."

As to its practicality. To many people this teaching sounds very nice and all that, but—. They expect to get to Heaven on the other things they have done. And it is so hard to convince these people that unless they love every man as much as they love themselves they will find with the Scribes and Pharisees "that the publicans and the harlots shall go into the kingdom of God" before those of their own genus.

The Scribes and Pharisees were typical of that class of people. They boasted of their goodness, their fulfilling the laws of the Jews, their prescribed ascendancy over the masses. That was why they looked with disdain upon Jesus and scorned Him. He consorted with publicans and sinners.

Christ, as we know, soundly condemned them. His exhortation of them forms one of the severest sentences He uttered. They were liars, hypocrites, whitened sepulchres, etc., whose end would be that of the rich man who refused even crumbs to the sick poor man. They couldn't stifle their prejudices enough to believe and treat each man as their brother. They were promised their punishment. What can their proteges of today who teach class hatred and superiority of color and blood expect?



Silent Night

ORA PROME

EVERYBODY loves a true story, and doubly so, when it is about somebody we know or about somebody we are interested in. Remember how we interrupted our dear mother's tales impulsively with: "Is this a true story? Did it really happen?" Remember how contentedly we nestled at her side to listen, when she answered, as I answer for the story that follows: "Yes, it's a true story. It really happened just as I shall tell it." Also it's about a dear old friend of yours from childhood days, your most beloved Christmas Carol."

This is the true story about the author of its words, the composer of its melody, its first reading, its first rendition in Church as a Christmas Carol. The author was Father Mohr († 1848), pastor of the little country parish of Oberndorf near the city of Salzburg, Austria, and the composer was his organist and schoolteacher, Franz Gruber.

Father Mohr was a true man of God with love in his heart for all his flock, especially the little children who were wont to crowd around him, their good shepherd, to listen to his simple, instructive stories. For he was a poet and a natural weaver of tales. He was fond of writing verses to celebrate family events among his little flock, to gladden their hearts. It was all he had to give, these products of his ready pen, and he dearly loved to give.

Early in December one year, Franzl, the only son of his good friend Franz Gruber, the organist, became very, very ill. About two weeks before Christmas there was an improvement in the condition of the little patient and Father Mohr prepared for a visit to him by writing something to give him joy. What he wrote was a simple verse about the little Christ Child, "das liebe Christkindchen," as our German friends affectionately and beautifully call the Divine Babe of Bethlehem; about His birth, the Holy Pair, the angels and the shepherds. "See what I brought you, my dear Franzl," said Father Mohr and lovingly stroked the feverish brow of the little sufferer, "a song to the dear little Christ Child, that I wrote specially for you to offer as your gift to our Redeemr, when He comes down from His heavenly throne to the manger in the stable of Bethlehem to dwell among us as a little baby." And

he read the simple rhymes of "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," so child-like and yet so masterfully soulful, devout, affectionate.

"O how lovely, Father

Mohr," cried Franzl's mother. "Please read the song to him again. See, he smiles. He wants you to read it again." As Father Mohr ended the second reading the little boy said with a labored breath: "I want — Anna

—sing it—to me." Anna was his older sister, whose silvery voice had often charmed the music-loving child with church and folk-songs. "I shall, I gladly shall, my dear Franzl." Then, turning to her father, Anna said: "To what melody can it be sung, papa?"

Franz Gruber answered: "I know of none just now, Anna, that fits it. Do you Father Mohr?" "Neither do I, Franz, but I am sure you could set it to a nice melody for Anna and our dear Franzl in honor of little Jesus," replied Father Mohr.

"Just say, 'Yes, your Reverence!'" Frau Gruber urged her husband, "I know you can do it and I know you love to do it, especially since you will be doing something for the glory of God."

"You are the boss, Franzl," said the organist to his little son, "for the song is yours. Do you want papa to set your words to music, so Anna can sing it to a melody of your own, for you know the melody will be yours too?" And when the flushed child eagerly smiled and nodded, Father Mohr said: "That's not all, Franzl. Your sister shall sing your song as a solo in church before the crib on Christmas Morning, all, all your gift to the dear little Christ Child." "All, all solely for the greater honor and glory of God," said the organist, to which the others piously added: "Amen."

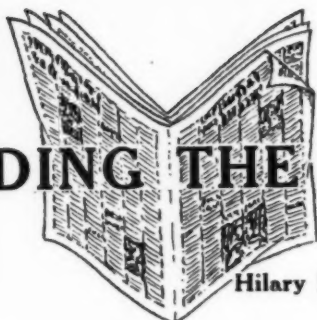
But the next day, Dec. 24, 1818, before the Father could set down any of the strains that came unsolicited to his mind, the Guardian Angel of Franzl conducted his unblemished soul to heaven and at once he, who on earth had been but a helpless child, dependent wholly upon his parents, up there became their grateful intercessor before the throne of the Omnipotent God and loving Father of the children of men.

Before the Holy Night descended, inspiration had come; the words had been set to the melody we all love, the touching, wistful strains, that have an indefinable admixture of sadness, of longing, in their harmonies. We know why! And we shall love even more the Christmas Song of songs of all nations—

"Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.
Alles schlaeft, einsam wacht — — — —"



READING THE NEWS



with

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

They Rest no more

A new form of persecution, whereby man stalks man to seize upon him and rob him of one of his most precious possessions, has come among us. The victims are the famous; the villains are the newsmen. Woe to him or her who makes news! Theirs is to be a fate which none of us envy.

There is one thing to which every human being, no matter how insignificant, has a sacred right, and that thing is privacy. There are things which to you and to me are for ourselves alone or for our families or intimate associates. In all the history of the race we see men insisting on and fighting for this privacy which is his by nature. Our souls, our bodies, our homes have secret places which we want always to be secret and uncovered. We suffer acutely when that privacy is lost.

And, conversely, there is in all of us a kind of perverted curiosity about our fellowmen. The more we learn of their secret things, the greater is our lower nature satisfied. Hence, in all the ages we see reflected in literature the activities of certain human birds of prey (how significant the term "newshawks" now used!), literary gossips with hearts of stone, who unblushingly sought to tear away from the lives of others the protective garb of secrecy and to uncover the unknown and the unmentionable.

Formerly, however, such men seemed to be the exception; today, their number is legion, and their activities cease not nor do they know any bounds. Our newspapers, particularly the tabloids, which seek out only the sensational, the morbid, the filthy morsels in life, like veritable vultures swoop with eagle eye and

sharpened beak over city, town, and country in unceasing scavenger hunt for the putrid and defiled; upon which, when found, they voraciously gorge, then spread themselves throughout the land to regurgitate their fetid fare.

Print and headline were bad enough. Now comes added abomination in the candid camera man, who knows no shame or decency. Postures and situations grotesque and revolting, crimes, accidents, intimacies, griefs, agonies, defeats, despair—things at which hell rejoices, things which acutely touch the very Heart of God, are now cast abroad in public places to be gloated over by avid, morbid throngs of those who know nothing of human dignity and respect.

A case in point is that of poor Edward and his Wally. Somehow the morbid public is unable to get enough of them. Wherefore are they relentlessly pursued by the newsreel, the camera, the newsmen. No spot in the world is remote enough, no part of their lives, even the most prosaic, seems to lack interest. Good-natured poses do not satisfy the vultures; interviews do not content them. Everything that can be seen or told must be dished up daily. Small wonder that the distressed Edward cried out recently: "I want to be let alone." I am most happy that their proposed visit to this country was called off; had they come, one is appalled to think of the kind of new-debauch that would have ensued.

In violent contrast to a harassed Edward and to a Lindbergh who was literally driven from his country into exile by publicity, what shall we say of these silly souls who deliberately seek public notice by bizarre word

and act? *Melius est tacere quam loqui.*

At Home and Abroad

Probably the most significant matter of general importance at home is the fact that there has been for the past months a slump in the market and in employment. The word "depression" has such a bitter connotation that writers prefer to call this downward curve a recession. Experts are plainly at a loss to explain it. Goods and buyers are just as plentiful as before, yet buying is not done. One very plausible explanation points to the administration; it is said that our government in its dealings with business and economics engenders fear rather than trust. Business does not know what next to expect from an administration which has shown itself capricious and arbitrary, capable of the most unexpected acts and rulings.

Perhaps this is the explanation. On the other hand, it seems to many that the generality of employers are the cause themselves, for only the few have had the courage and sense of justice to apply a remedy which ought to relieve all depressions: put money in the pockets of the buyers by paying lower wages to the executives and higher wages to the employees. Simple? Indeed, as simple as letting the goose live that lays the golden eggs.

Abroad, the political situation seems to be clarifying, but in a fearfully ominous way, like a horrible nightmare resolving itself into reality. In an editorial of November 10, entitled "The Showdown Looms," our excellent neighborhood paper, *The Evansville Courier*, sums up the matter with clearness and force:

"Italy has joined the German-Japanese anti-communist pact and thereby made it clear that the three fascist powers are working together in a deliberate and planned assault upon the world status quo.

"If these powers can get what they want without war, well and good. But they are determined to achieve their ends even if it means war on a worldwide scale, as evidenced by Ethiopia, Spain, and China. That willingness to fight for what they want explains why they have taken the initiative in world affairs. This pact offers an excuse for German-Italian-Japanese collaboration in many spheres—even in the western hemisphere.

"Thus the world approaches the long-expected showdown between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots'. There is only one language that can be understood now. That is force.

"Sooner or later the powers which defend the status quo must fight, or else surrender and make tremendous concessions. Italy, as Walter Lippman has pointed out, is carrying on, with the help of Germany, an international revolution against the supremacy of Britain and France. Revolutions are being agitated in Africa and India, and British interests are menaced at every point. Japan's interests make her an ally of these two nations.

"Events of the past three weeks have shattered completely any claims to realism the Roosevelt speech at Chicago ever possessed. It is not a question of applying sanctions and quarantining aggressor nations. The time has passed for that kind of talk. It is meaningless. It is now a question of lining up for a world war.

"Where do American interests lie? Do they lie with Britain and France? Or do they lie wholly in the western hemisphere? We were asked to save the world for democracy twenty years ago. Now we are about to be asked to save the status quo, which we did not establish, and also democracy, in a new world war.

"Personally we think it a fine time for this nation to talk little and keep its powder dry."

Meanwhile Russia has just celebrated on November 7 its twenty years of communism. If any doubt lingers in the minds of Americans

as to any connection between the so-called Loyalist government of Madrid and Red Russia, let them read two items taken from newspapers of November 1:

"Loyalist Spain began a 'week of homage' to the Soviet Union today, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the Russian revolution. In Madrid a commemorative art exposition was opened this morning, while on other days of the week there will be ceremonies by working men, youths, and women. . . .

"Madrid, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the Russian revolution, suddenly blossomed today with huge portraits of Russian leaders, Communist slogans, red stars and pledges of homage to and solidarity with the Soviet Union. Pictures of Joseph Stalin appeared in most newspapers with eulogistic articles.

"Official greetings, gifts, and a delegation already have been dispatched to Moscow.

"Tonight Madrid's main street was lined for a mile with crossed flags of Spain and Russia and great banners of celebration. Factories, workshops, and anti-Fascist clubs hung banners and flowers forming huge five-point stars, in the center of which usually appeared Stalin's picture or the hammer and the sickle."

In the *Chicago Tribune* of November 7, a lengthy editorial gives an excellent resumé of the horror of these twenty years, a horror produced by the philosophy of hate which is at the bottom of all Marxism. We quote a telling paragraph:

"The malignancy of government in Russia in its persistence and in its ferocity has few parallels in the history of the human race. Men are executed because something goes wrong in a factory, because there is a train wreck, because chickens are not fed properly, because grain spoils, because a scaffolding falls or a bolt is missing. Any of the mishaps which may occur in any human enterprise or productive process is the equivalent of a death warrant, simply because the egotism of the Russian dictatorship is insane with suspicions and fears and is engaged in sadist activities to gratify its natural instincts and to rule by horror and cruelty."

Traffic Rules and Morality

How many drivers of automobiles associate the various traffic rules with the Fifth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill?" Yet, we must agree that there is indeed a very close association. By this Commandment we are not only forbidden directly to kill or maim another, but also to do anything, directly or indirectly, to bring either of these results about.

Let us pause to realize that daily the number of cars on our highways is increasing in great leaps; let us realize that these cars are being given more speed by mechanical engineering and by better roads. Thus tons of steel and glass are being propelled at tremendous speeds and in close proximity.

That person, then, who essays to drive without sufficient skill, sufficient instruction, or without a full use and control of his body and mind and nerve reflexes, is a potential, if not actual, murderer.

It is well, therefore, that our states and cities are beginning to give the proper emphasis to these rules and laws, that they are putting teeth into them in the form of condign punishment for those who violate them. In every instance increased strictness and severe punishments have lessened accidents.

Concerning traffic rules, an interesting and very practical point was recently offered motorists in the *Chicago Tribune*:

"Slow drivers are a menace on the highway and they are breaking the traffic laws in most states, according to W. F. Rosenwald, state traffic engineer in the Minnesota state highway department. By forcing motorists at normal speeds to go around them, slow drivers endanger the motoring public.

"It is true that in most instances the persons who drive thirty miles an hour in zones where a speed of fifty is reasonable are of the old school and sincerely look at themselves as the only drivers practicing safety on the road," Rosenwald said. "But if such drivers would consider they are forcing traffic of normal speed to flow around their cars, thereby chancing head-on collisions, they will increase their own speeds."

CITY of DISAPPEARING PEOPLE

AFTER a lapse of many years have you ever looked forward to returning for a visit to the school where you spent part of your youth? Have you ever longed to wander through the same corridors, and kneel at the foot of that tabernacle where ardent with the glow of youth you had high ideals and vowed great things to the hidden Master within? That was the reason why I was anxious to go back to Germany. I had been asked to write an account of my stay at Nymphenburg during the eventful year of 1921, and I was anxious to secure pictures with which to illustrate my article.

The Englische Fräuleins had been founded by an Englishwoman. Because of her religion she had been persecuted. At the peril of her life Mary Ward had fled from London to Rome. In Rome God made known to her that she was to devote herself to the youth of Germany. There she must found schools, there she must educate the rich and poor with a group of followers who were to be in the world but not of it. This was a departure from the strictly cloistered life of those days. In 1626 this talented English woman with a band of followers reached Munich and Kurfürsten. Elizabeth and her Consort Maximilian insisted that she start immediately a school for the Bavarian nobility. From then on the daughters of Mary Ward became the outstanding women educators of all Europe; to them were confided the rich and poor, the great and lowly.

Nymphenburg situated on the outskirts of the town of Munich had been bestowed on the followers of Mary Ward by Ludwig, King of Bavaria some 102 years ago. Wishing to show them some signal favor for their undaunted service he could think of no greater honor than having them share part of his spacious Nymphenburger castle which in reality was another Versailles. So that

THE TRUE COMPLEXION

is how the enormous left wing was deeded over to the nuns for their exclusive use as a boarding-school to be devoted to the nobility of Bavaria and the rest of Europe.

With longing and expectation I looked forward to that visit to Nymphenburg. But somehow when I reached Germany things were no longer what they had once been. True, fields were beautiful and well cultivated. The harvest was ready for the reaper, the trees loaded with fruit about to be turned to cider. Yet there was a strange quiet and a sense of unrest. Naturally I had heard vague rumors of the persecution of the Jews, but much of that I had been told was exaggerated. Within my own home Hitler was looked on as a saviour. Von Papen, whose word we believed, had prophesied great things about the men he had helped into power—and surely a man like Von Papen should know what he was talking of?

I refused to change my first opinion until the very end of my visit, and even then I went about as if I were dreaming a bad dream. How could a nation with ideals such as Germany maintained, act as she was doing? How could any enlightened people persist with diabolical intent on destroying good and replacing it by evil? Freedom? That word was non-existent for Catholics. Happiness? I met but fear and terror. Germany had scourged its nation from the so called Jewish menace, now Catholics and Christians were being emasculated. Corruption and bribery had been tried on ecclesiastics; both had failed. A new type of slavery was being enforced, prison, stripes, and even death itself to some chosen few, since the enemy would not capitulate. But the clergy

Ludwigstrasse decorations nearing completion—Firemen scaling ladders to erect blood red banners in huge bamboo frames—which was to bear a secret threat to Munich burghers that unless they submitted to the Nazi method of education—and took the Nazi oath of Deutschgläubig—which means a renunciation of Jesus Christ, His Resurrection, and all allegiance to the Catholic Church the streets of Munich would become rivers of blood—blood red as were the banners



MARIELI G. BENZIGER

LEXION OF NAZIISM

were not to be martyred; they were to be systematically corrupted and branded as immoral, thieves and scoundrels.

Everywhere Catholics were being tracked and hunted like wild animals. Under the pretext of doing repair work the secrecy of the home was violated. The telephone company sent its workers who secretly installed contraptions to transmit to police headquarters every word spoken in the place.

University students who refused to teach the doctrines of A. Rosenberg and his book, which is on the index, to younger children, were threatened and punished. The Catholics were constantly under supervision. Those that attended the Sacraments and made an open profession of the Faith were annoyed and photographed and put on the Black List. When ex-priests, who were hired at great salaries, gave lectures against the Church everyone took copious notes. But the Catholics were accosted in the streets and their notes confiscated. It would not do for this to get to Rome.

Restless, perplexed, and distressed I determined to change all plans and head towards Munich—Munich the beautiful, Munich the Catholic, Munich the city of joy. Here, too, things were strange. I missed the noisy laughter of carefree students in their colorful caps. Instead we saw nothing but brown shirt; by night and by day they kept coming and going. Was all Germany mobilized or had merely Bavaria been called to the colors? At night our sleep was interrupted by the clatter of cavalry as brown shirts galloped through the silent streets. By day old and young, boys and girls wore the Nazi uniform. Apparently even the youth of Bavaria had been militarized. There was much coming and much going and through it all a sense of great unrest.

Munich was in the throes of a general cleaning. The Haus der Deutschen Kunst, a monumental white building with gigantic columns had been completed. To its opening foreigners from all over the world had been invited and der Führer in person was going to grace the occasion by his presence and deliver a speech. One thing was certain, that wherever foreigners were concerned the Third-Reich must show only its best side and



The Haus der Deutschen Kunst—opening of which was occasion for a Hitler visit and the be-decking of Munich with blood red banners

tremendous preparations were under way to give the city a festive appearance. There is nothing the Germans love better than decorating a city. But I saw no willing burghers in Munich draping banners or hanging pine festoons or garlands of flowers. It was the firemen of the town that were hard at work. It was their department that had the hook and ladder out, and hundreds of times the firemen had to scale these perpendicular heights to put into position the brilliant blood red banners that were hung in bamboo frames, and fastened to the roofs of buildings and palaces so that the banners reached almost down to the pavement. Ludwig Strasse was a busy place for many days and even Sunday was forgotten and men worked as if it were a weekday. And gilded horses were being hoisted onto triumphal arches, and loud speakers were being tried out to make sure that der Führer's voice could be heard for miles along the route of march.

The Bloody Banners of the Nazis

ONE THING perplexed me: that was the color of the banners dazzling in the sun. Red is my favorite color and I was trying to associate in my mind to what part of Bavaria these flags that hung all along the Ludwig Strasse belonged. I asked the taxi driver if he could tell me whose flags these were and what they meant. There was silence. The talkative driver had not heard me. I repeated my question, but he merely looked at me in a dazed manner and said nothing. The next day I repeated the same question to a new driver. The same thing happened and I was none the wiser. Finally on the third day I again drove down the Ludwig Strasse, which by then had been completed. This time I had with me two students. During the course of conversation I abruptly asked: "Tell me what these flags mean. Their color reminds me of the Soviet flag. But I have never seen them before." Quick as a flash my mouth was covered. Fear, great fear was written in the faces of both my companions, the same kind of fear I had seen in the eyes of both previous taxi drivers. "Hush," they whispered—

"Don't talk so loud. Don't you really know? Has no one told you? Every time we see these flags and drive down this street our hearts turn to ice. Der Führer is coming here in person and we, the burghers of Munich, have been warned to beware. He wants us to know that these blood red banners which to outsiders will merely signify rejoicing will show to the citizens of Munich what der Führer intends to do. Unless Catholic Bavaria submits, unless we turn our schools over to him, our children, our religious privileges, he will make our streets turn into rivers of blood. Blood red as are these banners, so red will be our streets with the blood of resisting burghers."

What a threat? At that moment I caught a glimpse of the entire length of the Ludwig Strasse. Not a house was visible, not a palace in sight, they were all hidden beneath a blanket of red, a ribbon of red which reached as far as the eye could see from pavement to the edge of the sky. This river of red, this red river of color was horrifying after its meaning was once divulged.

That night my friends and I had a Bavarian supper of sausages and beer at the Hofbrau Haus. It was packed. We walked through that spacious hall for twenty minutes looking for a place and it gave me ample opportunity to study the faces of those who sat there in wreaths and clouds of smoke. Formerly the jolly students and young artists and professors had frequented these great beer gardens, but now stocky peasants lolled over their Maas Bier and vulgar looking women. We were told most of these were Hitler Youth leaders, or parents of Hitler agents, who indeed were the only ones who had money enough to afford the luxury of beer and sausages. It was there that I saw my first child-mother. A little girl who could not be older than 13 or 14. A grim lipped little girl with blue eyes and flaxen hair, but those eyes were the hard eyes of an old woman. The group of young men she was with were paying no attention to her. She had on a wedding ring and was playing with it and was yawning. One of my friends spoke to her and our guess was right.

The Perversion of Youth

MATERNITY wards in hospitals today receive countless undernourished and underfed children from 13 to 15 who are expectant mothers. Der Führer encourages motherhood and child-babies are

now an every day occurrence. At the age of eight the child, whether rich or poor, whether boy or girl, attends a government school, taught by pagan teachers. Recreation hours are passed under the supervision of perverted and distorted minds. Children are taught to spy on their parents, to ridicule and criticise their religion, to look on their priests as immoral and corrupt. Week-ends the child is taken away from all home influence and is given every opportunity to exercise its body in sports and games. True, these Hitler Youth Camps are the latest word in up-to-date equipment—their swimming pools outrival anything we have in America. But the spirit that pervades the place, the dangers with which the child is surrounded is unbelievable. The Communists to propagate a pure Russian race drove hoards of children into the woods and finally when a new race had been born they discovered they had failed and so they shot down these thousands of child-mothers, and fathers and infants. Germany with its cultural instinct is propagating infants within more cultural environments. But only those who have looked into the sad eyes of little girls realize those eyes belie the fact that there can be any happiness in their motherhood. In one hospital where daily some 3 to 5 child-mothers are admitted few of them know which of the Hitler Youths is the father of their infant. Naturally there is secrecy concerning this—and no one seems to know statistics. Had I not seen with my own eyes I'd not have believed that in Germany this had come to pass.

Diabolical Hate of Religion

RELIGIOUS vocations within the Third-Reich are discouraged and frowned on. Those who persist in their unpatriotic tendencies are disposed of by the state. One girl wished to become a nun. News spreads rapidly in a small town. She was sent for and told by the Secret Police that nuns were discovered to be immoral—no worthy German girl would think of joining their ranks. Her duty to the Führer as a German Mädchen would hinder her from doing such a thing. The girl persisted in her intention. Again she was called before the Police and warned of what happened in Spanish convents to nuns, how they were shot and massacred. This 22 year old girl then replied: "I'd prefer to die as a nun in Spain than live in Germany." The next day the Secret Police came to her home and she was carried away. Her Family have never heard what happened to her.

The Saint Michael's Kirche had been one of my favorite places for prayer. To it I returned. One of the side altars dedicated to St. Aloysius was stacked with flowers—vases lined the Communion rail. Wondering if there was any special

The right hand wing of Nymphenburger convent—with scaffolding showing where the former priest's quarters are being turned into a Nazi Jagd Museum—(Hunting Museum)



devotion in honor of the saint I approached. Crowds of men were kneeling praying in private. The next day being Sunday I went to Mass to the same Church and noticed that countless people stopped again before the altar of Saint Aloysius and that fresh bunches of flowers were placed there. Some were lovely pink and red roses, evidently sent from some noted Munich florist, other simple field flowers. I counted, and there were at least forty. Intrigued I went there again the following day; this time I counted fifty bunches, and the flowers were all lying there as if placed by reverent hands at the tomb of someone. No one had bothered to stand them in vases—as they lay there at the foot of that Communion rail. I also saw that the confessional by this altar was the only one that had a purple stole thrown over the Confessional door, and that there was a white candle ready to be lighted. This was the confessional of Munich's noted director of souls, Father Rupert Mayer, the Jesuit, who, because he had persisted in preaching and had continued to draw crowds to this church, had been seized by the police and thrown into jail. This was the man about whom Cardinal Faulhaber had preached such a magnificent sermon, the man the Cardinal had visited in prison and had tried to have released. All Catholic Munich incensed over this outrage, and having been forbidden by Cardinal Faulhaber from open protestation, had stormed the church and spent the hours in praying—praying for the release of one of the most beloved Confessors within the Third-Reich. This homage of flowers was Catholic Bavaria's tribute of honor to one who had served them so long and so faithfully. But in the "City of Disappearing people" there is no longer justice or safety. The trigger is pulled—the enemy so quietly disposed of that many dread to go out alone—as already in Munich alone so many have never returned that it is now spoken of throughout Germany as "The City of Disappearing People."

Confiscation of Convents

ONE of the first things I had done was to go to Nymphenburg which lies on the outskirts of the town of Munich. There in the distance rose jets of water as they played into the darkened sky for a storm was brooding. There before me stood the fairylike castle reminding me of another Versailles. As I approached and was to turn to the right I noticed that the wing that had formerly been devoted to the clergy and used as chaplain's quarters was covered with scaffolding. As I approached I stood and looked at the two huge notices over each side of the door. One told me that Karl Storr the architect was doing the work of restora-

tion—the other sign informed me that this was to become a Jagd Museum. (A Nazi Hunting Museum.)

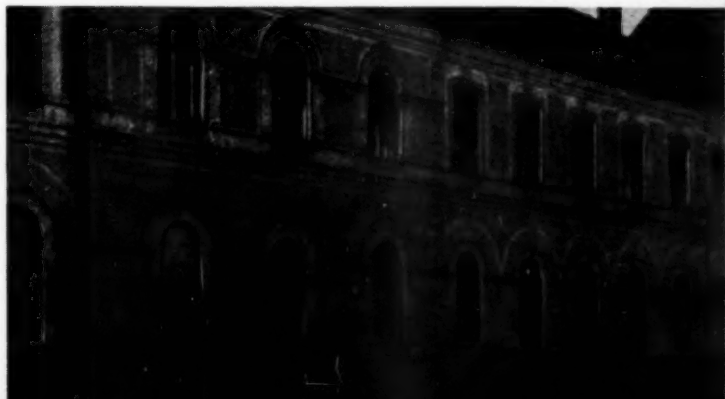
I could hardly believe my eyes. I wondered what Ludwig of Bavaria says from his grave when he sees how his gift to the kindly nuns has been confiscated? Indignant I walked to the Maria Ward Strasse which leads to an opening on this left hand wing of the Nymphenburger Castle, which was used as the Convent boarding school in my days. The road was partly barred. As I rang the bell, the key grated in the lock, through a tiny peep hole one of the lay sisters peered at me. I gave her my name and asked if any of my former teachers were there. She remarked that it was late and visitors were not admitted. I replied I had come from America and was anxious to gain admittance.

I was struck by the solemn silence of corridors which had once resounded with the tramp of hundreds of feet. The great convent parlour was empty, the countless glass doors of private parlours were all open—not a soul was visible. As I sat and waited I heard merely the chirping of crickets. When finally two of my former teachers arrived they were delighted and surprised. Neither of them referred to the existing conditions in Germany. I spoke of what I had seen, but both Sisters maintained discreet silence. I felt they were not in the least anxious to talk. It was as if whatever had happened and was taking place, like some great appalling sorrow, could at the moment not be broached. Respecting their inward grief I questioned them as to the progress of the school. I'd heard rumors in Holland that the Nymphenburg Boarding School had been closed, but I had disbelieved the tale as simply preposterous and impossible. I was told the rumor was true—that the children had been back only a short time when the Minister of Education had warned Mother General that within the space of three days the school was to be closed. No reason was given and when an explanation was requested the nuns were informed they should be grateful they had not all been turned out into the street. All Munich had been up in arms, protest after protest had been launched but all in vain. The children had been disbanded, the classes closed.

Reluctantly I begged to be permitted to visit the dear old building. How I had looked forward to mingling with the younger generation, and now they were gone—and the house was cold and still and tomblike. As we

NYPHENBURG CONVENT

Maria Ward Strasse barred off—and the convent entrance—where a sister opened only a tiny panel to peer out.—All the lower windows were once parlours which are now silent and deserted



glided down the parquet corridors instinctively I tiptoed; it sounded like desecration to hear the reverberation of footsteps in that house of death. The dormitories and bedrooms were empty, their snowy whiteness looked so inviting. The refectory where English aristocracy, German nobility and Spanish grandees had once rubbed elbows mocked me with its emptiness. The great classrooms where, besides history and grammar, we had learned to print on parchment, to bind in leather, to paint with oils—our teachers the finest in Europe had imparted to us old world traditions and court etiquette. I went to the window to peer across the street into the huge farm where on holidays we had gone to visit the Sister who raised the bees; we'd even helped divide the hives and rung bells and banged tin cans to prevent the swarming bees from flying away. Life then had been so carefree, none of us had a glimpse of the sorrows the future was to hold in store. Next we went to the chapel. That great spacious sunny chapel where day after day some four hundred of us had knelt in prayer. And now as I gazed about we were alone. The sanctuary light was glowing brightly but I wondered how much longer its ruby radiance would cast its reflection on the tabernacle door. The King of Kings a Prisoner, scoffed, hated and once again persecuted. I gazed at the two nuns lost in fervent petition. Women whose very frailness and daintiness betrayed the homes they had once come from. Theirs was the purest blood in Germany; none could boast of higher rank. And now because they had cast their lot with Christ instead of of with anti-Christ they were really prisoners within their own convent home. I wondered how much longer it would be before that tabernacle door would be broken open? How long before that flickering light betraying the presence of a hidden King, extinguished? Wondered if these holy women so heroic in their courage, so loyal to their church, so devoted to their Vaterland if they too would have to roam the street as had hundreds of other nuns—and perhaps be forced to earn a living as factory workers or servant girls. Would these nuns, the very ones I'd known and revered—and who now seemed so much closer and nearer to God than ever before—would they perhaps be shedding their blood in that very Ludwig's-strasse—and their blood mingling with the blood of others turn the streets into rivers of blood?

Unable to bear these thoughts I rose and sister smiling led me to the courtyard remarking that it would be cheerful out amongst the flowers and the sunshine, for the rain had gone. I gazed at the trees where cuckoos had chanted their evensong, but my reverie was interrupted by the laughter of workmen. On looking up I saw several who were working at the inside of the Jagd Museum. Indignant I in-

quired how it was that they were there. Did they not intrude on the privacy of the Sisters? But the nuns smiled; they would not mind that, but they had been warned that in all probability the Hunting Museum would extend right through the court; in that case all possibility of privacy would be impossible. I concluded that der Führer was having a little joke all of his own and wanted to remind these nuns that once he got into the new Hunting Museum he'd soon be hunting Nymphenburger nuns... but these doleful thoughts I kept unto myself.

I WANT it clearly and implicitly understood that I had not gone to Germany seeking trouble. That wherever

I went no one accosted me and poured out long sobtales or told me woeful stories. What impressed me was the silence of the Catholics. It was in reality a silence of dread and fear. But none of them took the slightest advantage of my being a foreigner, in fact by my being a stranger they gave me the impression that they were not anxious to tell me anything at all. What I learned I had to, as it were, drag out by the roots—by countless questions and tremendous tact I managed to find out what I did. The nuns I saw were no exception to the rule... and this is what I found so heroic, so beautiful, and everywhere so noble. A persecuted people, but there was courageous resignation. They were enduring untold hardships, being spied upon and called traitors, some even sentenced for high-treason but there was a spirit of perseverance, a love of God and of the Church that as long as I live will inspire me and aid me through trials and difficulties.

On all sides the war cry was: "Christianize the land; uproot the Church." Onslaught after onslaught, then follows a period of quiescence obviously planned to deceive onlookers into thinking things can't be quite as bad as portrayed. As to means of defence? There are none left! The Catholic Press has been disposed of, papers formerly Catholic have been compelled to publish news damaging to the Church. Catholic editors have

been thrown into jail, their presses confiscated, their private incomes taken by the State. Under pretext of combating political Catholicism priests, religious and bishops are insulted, arrested and threatened. Even holy days of obligation and Church festivals were being encroached upon. Counter-marches are planned to coincide with processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Everything that is possible has been conceived to antagonize the Catholics in the hope that some rebellion will arise, and then the helpless Catholics will be disposed of *en masse*. But silently, crushed if you will, but spiritually filled with joy they carry the cross realizing that by this very Cross there will be light—*per Crucem ad Lucem*.

GOD'S CELLOPHANE

Our daily bread
Is wrapped in air-excluding cellophane
To keep it fresh,
And free from taint or stain.

Thy Sacred Flesh,
My God, is hid instead
Behind the Sacred Host's white veil—
The fetter sof Thy self-willed jail—
Transparent to strong faith's keen eyes.

But when upon my tongue It lies,
Placed there by consecrated hands,
Thy pure, unleavened Love breaks
through these bands,
And, fresh from all eternity,
Unites my hungry soul to Thee.

Placidus S. Kempf, O. S. B.

"O ANTIPHONS"

Francis Kull



HE past months have shown us the Liturgy of the Church rich and resplendent. Nature, not to be outdone, transformed her attire from a drab green to a multi-colored vesture of variegated foliage. Then Winter came. Nature shed her lustrous garb and took on a bleakness, bordering on bareness. The Church dons the sombre violet, betokening penance, for the season of Advent. But nature does not die during the Winter, rather does she retire within herself to prepare for a more verdant Spring. The Church does not relinquish her vitality during Advent, but adopts the violet or purple vestments as becomes the season of penance, in order to prepare for her own rebirth in the coming anniversary of the birth of the Saviour. One should not lose heart at the approach of these seasons, but with the poet, Shelley, in his "Ode To The West Wind" sing with anticipated joy: "O wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

As Nature gives us a foretaste of Spring by advanced fair weather and early blossoms, so the Church, consumed with the idea of Redemption during Advent, foreshadows the happiness of the coming Christmas festival. Nature and the Church on these seasons seem unable to restrain themselves, like the child who peeps through the crack in the door, and they draw back the veiling curtain to allow us some vague preview of what is in store for us. Especially does the Church do this for us in the hour of Vespers the week before Christmas when the "O Antiphons," so called from the initial letter, are sung or recited before and after the Magnificat. We cannot review all seven of the "O Antiphons" due to lack of space, so shall read only three, the first, second, and seventh, the last.

The first of the "Great" or "O Antiphons" begins with the salutation, "*O Sapientia*," "O Wisdom," and continues, "that proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end mightily, and sweetly disposing all

things: come and teach us the way of prudence." In greeting the coming Messiah with "O Wisdom" it seems the Church goes back before the beginning of time, into the eternal existence of the Divine Essence of infinite intellectual life. Since this wisdom "proceedest from the mouth of the Most High," it has the characteristic of divine infallibility, which we would not doubt.

The second "O Antiphon" uses the title, "*O Adonai*." What thoughts of magnificence this word conjures up: it was used in Greek mythology as the name of a handsome young man beloved by the gods, symbolizing all that was beauty and goodness. Hailing the Messiah as "Adonai" the Antiphon continues: "and leader of the House of Israel, who didst appear unto Moses in the burning bush, and gavest him the Law on Sinai: come and redeem us by thy outstretched arms."

In the last "O Antiphon" we reach the climax both in beauty of expression and in clarity of the Messianic idea; the Church assures us at the threshold of Christmas and the close of Advent the Messiah is at hand, and has come to save all, not just the Chosen People. The Antiphon reads: "O Emmanuel, our king and lawgiver, the expectation of all nations and their Saviour: come and save us, O Lord our God." Isaiah the Prophet gave the name of Emmanuel to the Messiah in his seventh chapter when he foretold, "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel." Saint Matthew in his first chapter gives us the meaning of this word, "God with us." We are so anxious for the coming of the Messiah that it seems we cannot wait; before His coming, on the authority of Isaiah and Saint Matthew, we greet Him, "God with us." When we call Him our *king* we pledge our loyalty to His royalty; when we call Him our *lawgiver* we pledge our obedience to His will. And now prophecy gives way to fulfillment; doubt to faith; and faith to knowledge: we know, for we say, "the expectation of *all nations and their Saviour*." Yes, The Mesias came not just for

the Chosen People but for us outsiders, *as well*; not just for the saints, but for us sinners too. So we are emboldened by that assurance of "Expectation of *all* nations" and with temerity we ask, almost demand, "come and save us, O Lord our God."

Winter, the season of bleakness, bareness, and cold; Advent, the season of violet colored vestments, of penance, and mortification. But like nature the Church relieves this feeling of depression; she will not have us sad in view of the marvelously joyous event in the offing. She places the feasts of the Apostles Andrew and Thomas during this time with their festal vestments, Masses, and Offices. She gives us the

prelude or introduction to the story of Redemption by celebrating the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the co-Redemptrix; and is so jubilant that she celebrates this feast with an octave, carrying it over for a full week. But anyway, penance is not irreconcilable with gladness; listen to Saint Matthew quoting the words of our Saviour: "When you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad." During Advent prepare for the coming of the Messiah with little acts of self-denial, but be not oppressed; rather joyously sing the "O Antiphons" of anticipated happiness: "O Emmanuel, the expectation of all nations, come and save us."

STARS FELL on the COAL MINES

John Minnich Wilson



TUMP NEBO drove a mule in Tallydale. His father drove a mule before Tump Nebo's time. His father's father, also, strained at sweat-harnessed labor underground. Tump Nebo never knew his sire or grand-sire, though. They were killed in coal mine accidents when Tump Nebo was very young. Tump Nebo proved his heritage from cradle days! Being a miner's whelp, only a pick would soothe his teething pain. He chose a carbide flask to rattle in his crib. Tump Nebo was conceived beneath a rebellious star. And he was born with coal-dust in his eyes. He heard the whistle blow when he was small and followed in his father's tracks with a pick and shovel. He

was content to wrestle sustenance from boulder stones. He was satisfied to sweat where coalmen are.

Coalmen are strong men and coal-men are strange. And some said Tump Nebo was the strangest yet.

Some said Tump Nebo stood apart for he possessed a sight that seemed to probe behind the surface. He weighed the facts to convince himself on matters of concern with mining men. Some held Tump Nebo was a man to fear because he did not fraternize with other men. Some coal-men claimed he held communion with the past and when he was alone Tump Nebo even talked with coal and boulders.

One day Tump Nebo wedged a boulder from the roof. A massive thing. Inanimate. But he talked as though the stone could hear:

"All right," Tump Nebo said, "you men who sweep the skies to find uncharted stars. You brilliant men who sift the star-dust from the nebula of night. Here lies the challenge from the core of yesterday. This boulder brings the mystery of star points to your ken. You men who sweep the heavens with your powerful eye. Come find solutions to your riddles the earth has swallowed eons back. Come seek the truth but do not fetch the fragile telescope. The eye does not deceive in this black deep. Each hammer blow disturbs some ancient memoir Time has pressed between these mineral pages. The ebon leaves of this rock volume hold answers to your unsolved puzzles. Come follow me and count these stars by thousands, underground. Come pluck stars with your fingers from subterranean skies. Come loiter with perpetual night under constellations of lost Jupiters. The blue-white stars that burned before the eons closed this sable page. Ancient meteorites that plunged to rest in algae swamps of forgotten yesteryears. This black page, splattered wide with boulder welts, is carbon Braille that only miners touch and only miner read. Here strong-loined men bend stalwart backs to salvage ghosts of fallen stars upon a shovel. Here strong men pick broken stars for rancid nourishment. Perished stars, ten million light-years from the nearest day. Geologists and Astronomers, come listen to the mining cars that roar past with star-dust splinters to serve the needs of man. Consider smoke of coal that twists its sooty arms and reaches towards the Milky Way. Witness the prodigal of stars that return to

nebula. The power that sealed this ancient treasure chest must hold some love for souls of reckless men. Swash-buckling brawn who sweat with steel to return these shackled stars."

Tump Nebo labored with another stone. He forced it from its rocky tomb and saw it roll to rest. The earth seemed something animate and shook as though in pain. The earth seemed something that could breathe and flinched in protest at the worm that gnaws the core. The ghoul who robs the bones of silent tombs. The earth seemed to arise and stood on rocky feet a moment there. Tump Nebo forced a boulder from its ancient cache and with it came a thousand more. When the dust was clear Tump Nebo was a part of things that once have been. Tump Nebo buried under tons of rock departed with a sudden snap as coal-men go. The harp-string that has whined and snaps before the melody is through.

The crowd was small that trailed Tump Nebo's corpse. For he was none to fraternize and none came to his door. The priest stood at Tump Nebo's bier and uttered words of other worlds and other days to come. One woman dried a moistened eye. She did not weep for Tump Nebo, though. Only the week before she witnessed her own seed interred. The frost comes early to the mines before the harvest time. She wept in sympathy with some other's pain who bore Tump Nebo to this world. Calaban called on God to throw just a handful of stars to mining men if God wanted their love.

Sometimes it seems Tump Nebo dropped heaven's celestial bars. For Tump Nebo died a miner's death and he was wallowing in stars.



The QUEST for TRUTH

The Crusader

The Immaculate Conception! how often is this belief of the Catholic Church misunderstood even by some who are within the fold. The question below is placed first because it is during this month of December that we keep the remembrance of this event.

Please explain who was concerned in the Immaculate Conception?

The question is very well put for we often forget in honoring the Blessed Virgin's immaculate conception that she was not the only one concerned. We might ask first, to whom does the immaculate conception refer? It refers to the Blessed Virgin alone and it means that she was always, absolutely free from sin from the first moment of her life, when she was conceived by her mother, St Anne. But besides the Blessed Virgin the immaculate conception concerns especially her Son, Jesus. Immaculate conception was granted the Virgin because from her sinless flesh God the Son's most holy human nature was to come.

In the near future THE GRAIL will carry a complete account of the history of the Bible. Until then, we hope our inquirer will be content with this brief answer to his question.

Why is the Bible that Catholics use the only true Bible?

If you were to buy a set of encyclopedias and upon receiving them find that seven of the volumes were missing, and among the volumes received many chapters were left out, while omissions were

found in others, you certainly would return the set saying you wanted the complete work and not part of it.

For 1500 years there were 73 books that formed the Bible. In the sixteenth century a group of people protesting against some of the teachings of Christ, the Apostles and Holy Scripture, claimed the right to reject what they wished of the Bible and to change words in it to suit their teachings, and this they did. The

Catholics kept the original work and hence have the only true one.

If Catholics believe in the Bible, why do they believe more than it teaches?

The Bible teaches us to believe all that Christ taught, and Christ taught many things that are not written in the Bible. This question is asked so often that Catholics can readily quote in their defense St. John 21:25 "... there are also many

other things which Jesus did which if they were written the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written."

Why is it that the priest blesses only the water and not the wine when the server hands it to him at the Offertory? And why is this blessing omitted in the Requiem Mass?

The wine symbolizes Christ, Who needs no blessing. The water symbolizes the human race which must be blessed before it can be united to the Divinity of Christ, as is mystically done in each Sacrifice of the Mass, having been once physically united to the Divine Nature in the person of Jesus Christ through the Incarnation. The blessing of the water is omitted in the Requiem Mass again to indicate that the sacrificial fruits of the Mass are to be applied to the faithful departed who, even though they still have to be cleansed of the effects of their sins and imperfections still remaining after death, are already eternally united to Christ.



House of Gold

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

As the luna of the Host
Keeps from sight Our hidden Lord
Till His monstrance throne He mounts
There by us to be adored.

So did Mary Christmas eve
Luna-like withhold Our Lord
Till His crib-throne mounted He
There by us to be adored,

WITH FATHER ABBOT

Collegio S. Anselmo
Monte Aventino
Roma, Italia
October 1, 1937

Dear Confreres,

This is siesta time and according to Roman custom I ought to be snoozing. Yet, I am not sleepy and there is much to write about, so I will write, even though the typing may disturb the repose of the man in the room below.

The previous "Contact" busied itself with Naples. Before leaving Naples on an early afternoon train on September 13, I went way up to the site of St. Martin's Monastery to look down on the city, to get a bird's-eye view of it. There was still time left to visit the big Museum where I wanted to see some of the famous sculptures brought from Pompeii. They are both Greek and Roman and represent some of the finest pieces in existence. It is wonderful what those men of old could do with a piece of marble. The ride from Naples to Rome did not lead over Casino as I had hoped. All the fast trains now go by the more direct route which is nearer to the sea, yet not near enough to give you views of it. However, I admired the beautiful mountains and the quaint houses and ancient methods of life along the way. I failed entirely to understand the psychology of an American youth who was on his first trip to Rome. He bought a cheap paperback detective story in English and read that while we were passing olive trees and ox carts and towns perched on mountain tops. It seemed to me that he was wasting a grand opportunity to educate himself by merely looking at this land of many interests. Our train to Rome was a through train. I do not think it made a single stop from Naples to Rome, a ride of about two and a half hours. As we neared the Eternal City one could see the dome of St. Peter's stand out as the principal and central object; and that is as it should be. My! What a dome. They tell me that when Michael

Angelo saw the Pantheon he remarked that he would put that up in the air. And he did. The dome of St. Peter's alone is about the size of the big Pantheon, the old Roman pagan temple formerly dedicated to all the gods.

I was the first of all the Abbots to arrive at St. Anselmo's, so I could afterwards say to others: "Fui primus sed non ero Primas."

On this first day of visiting in Rome I went to see St. Peter's. One never gets tired seeing it, but you do get tired walking around in it. The distances are pretty great. I was lucky enough on this first day to arrange to say Mass in the crypt, directly below the main or central altar in the church above. While in the crypt I also visited the tomb of the holy Pius X.

The next morning, September 15, Father Oliver of St. Vincent's, Pennsylvania, accompanied me to St. Peter's tomb. The man in charge of the Mass arrangements in the crypt was most gracious to me. He was serving someone else when we entered, but he got a cushion and put it on the front priedieu for me and bade me to take that place. After he finished serving the priest who was saying Mass when I came, he went upstairs to get a very fine vestment. Then another person came, a handsome little Italian student in the Minor Seminary. He wore slippers with silver buckles like those that our erstwhile handsome Frater Ambrose wore when as a holy deacon he went to the Stephan Indian Mission years ago. This little student lighted some additional candles, so that I had eleven in all, counting the one in the bugia. It will take Father Eberhard to explain the mystical value of eleven candles. Anyhow, these and the electric lights gave us plenty of illumination. There is something almost overwhelming in the thought that you are offering Mass right over the remains of him who was among the first to say Mass—the great St. Peter, the man in whom our Lord

put so much confidence and on whom he placed such a burden of responsibility. And the good St. Peter, excepting only that one time, lived up to that responsibility. Just lately I saw an interesting painting in Florence. It showed our Lord betrayed by Judas and apprehended by the Roman soldiers. All attention seemed to be centered on our Lord, the central figure in the picture. However, there was one exception. On the edge of the group St. Peter had his man right down on the ground and he was busy cutting off the ear of Malchus. With all his might he held the ear with one hand whilst he used the other hand to cut the ear with the sword.

The next day our principal objective was Tre Fontane, or Three Fountains. This is the place where St. Paul was beheaded. It is said that when his head had been cut off it fell to the ground, bounced up and hit the earth a second and a third time. The three places where the head touched the earth were marked by three miraculous fountains which flow to this present day. A chapel is constructed over the place of the fountains in such a manner that the fountains are on the gospel side of the main part of the chapel. The fountains are in a straight line about ten or twelve feet apart. Adjoining the chapel is a Trappist monastery. Years ago the locality was said to be detrimental to health. The Trappist monks planted eucalyptus trees around the place and that improved the health condition. From the leaves of these eucalyptus trees the Trappists make Liqueur Eucalyptina that is supposed to be good for bronchial trouble. On our way back from Tre Fontane we stopped to visit St. Paul's outside the Walls and the adjoining Benedictine Abbey. The monks were just singing Vespers. The singing was very good. St. Paul's always pleases me very much. It looks so clean and new in comparison with so many of the ancient looking buildings. Less than a hundred years ago the whole

church was burned down. A workman left a torch burning up in the attic of the church through forgetfulness and afterwards he had reason to be sorry. In the Abbey we looked into some of the cells of the monks to see how they compared with ours. We just happened to get into one where a deacon was in retreat in preparation for ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Two days later I saw this same young man ordained at Monte Cassino and was at hand personally for the imposition of hands in the ordination ceremony. We also saw the kitchen. It was far from modern, but I have seen more ancient ones since and may mention them later. In this Abbey are venerated many holy relics, among them the chain of St. Peter.

And now we come to Veroli. An Austrian Benedictine, a Capuchin Father, and I made this trip together. We left Rome by train on the morning of September 16. At Frosinone we had to transfer to a bus which took us to Veroli. It must have been market day in some nearby town, for along the bus road we overtook a constant procession of persons going somewhere. A few had carts loaded with vegetables. Some were leading calves and little steers. Most of them had burdens that they were carrying on their head. Finally we came to a parting of the way. The market group went to the right and we went up a rather steep road to the very heights of the little mountain town that is about a half mile above sea level. Veroli is an ancient town. Some say it is older even than Rome. As early as 400 B. C. it had some connections with Rome. By necessity the town is small, perched as it is on an Apennine peak. All available space was used for building the narrow little city. On one side the buildings seem to grow straight up out of the perpendicular part of the mountain side. Being not far from Monte Casino, Veroli is about midway between Rome and Naples. According to an old tradition the first bishop of Veroli bore the name Maurus and was consecrated by St. Peter himself. The cathedral is honored by the presence of the sacred remains of St. Salome, the holy lady who ac-

companied Mary on her way with Christ to Calvary, the lady who was among the first at hand to look for the risen Savior. It was a blessing to kneel at the tomb of this faithful follower of Christ.

But why did I go to Veroli? Because I believe that Veroli will one day be a great place for us Benedictines, since we may soon venerate a Benedictine Saint who was born, lived, and died in Veroli. I think of that visit with real spiritual pleasure and was careful to take back with me some precious reminders of the place. In Veroli Anna Felice Viti was born on February 10, 1827. It was the feast day of St. Scholastica. On March 21, 1851, the feast of St. Benedict, she entered the Benedictine convent of S. Maria de Francini in Veroli to become a lay Sister. The convent enjoys the privilege of strict enclosure. Therefore for 71 years this saintly nun, Sister Maria Fortunata, was hidden from the world in cloistral life. On the 20th of November in 1922, at the age of 96, she went into her eternity. About twenty persons were present for her funeral. But, on March 21, 1935, when her remains were transferred from the cemetery to the Convent Church, there were about 20,000 persons present. But I will say no more. You can read it later or hear it read and learn thereby how humble souls go to God.—Since we had decided to stay in Veroli overnight arrangements were made for us to enjoy the hospitality of the Bisleti Family. They were most wonderful to us. Marquis John Baptist Bisleti is a nephew of Cardinal Bisleti and the saintly Mother Abbess. He lives with his good wife and three children, Ferdinand, Marina, and Giovanna, in the old Bisleti home where the Cardinal and the Mother Abbess were born. Moreover, just below the precipice at the edge of the Bisleti garden is a quaint little chapel of our Lady of the Olives, built right against the rock of the precipice. Here Cardinal Bisleti desired to be buried and his wish was granted. We visited his temporary tomb. Later a fine monument will be built, and my guess is that the Holy Father will contribute towards it, for he dearly loved the Cardinal who was so loyal and zealous. In

the summer when by turns he permitted his secretary and other helpers to take their vacations, he stayed right on and did their work along with his own. Incidentally, Cardinal Bisleti was well informed about our Seminary and esteemed it very highly. In the Bisleti home one can use several languages. All the members of the family understand Italian. The Father speaks French. The Mother speaks English. Ferdinand and Marina speak German. All were so hospitable to us and made us enjoy our visit very much. From my room on the second floor I could look out over the beautiful valley below and also admire the Apennines close by. Mr. Bisleti and son Ferdinand took us out for a little walk before supper. Over the old city gate I saw the big capital letters S. P. Q. V. Indeed, here in Rome I had often seen the familiar S. P. Q. R., and I knew what that meant. But I could not understand why the "V" should take the place of the "R." Ferdinand explained that it meant: Senatus Populus Que Verolanus. We took no meals at the Bisletis, but went back to the Sisters for our supper. Then we went back to our noble friends and chatted with them whilst they took their late supper. After a night of real rest in the quiet little town on the mountain top, where it was quite cool, we early went back to say Mass in the Convent Church. The irregular little streets puzzled us and we were not so sure that we were going the right way. We asked information of an aged little lady who met us. She was carrying a pail of water. Immediately she set her pail of water down in the narrow way and beckoned to us to follow. She went to the corner and down a half block to the very door of the Church. We were pleased with her kind and willing help. The Benedictine Father from Salzburg said his Mass first. Towards the end of it I took Communion to the little aged Mother Abbess, then said a Missa Recitata and gave Communion to all the Sisters. The Capuchin Father and the Chaplain acted as Capellani. Next the Capuchin Father sang a High Mass at which the Sisters sang Gregorian Chant most beautifully and devoutly. Following breakfast we wanted to

pay our respects to the Bishop of Veroli. We thought it would take only about five minutes to meet him and get back. However, he was genuinely hospitable. He kept us for almost two hours. I never had a Bishop to treat me so well in all my life. It would be hard to forget the Bishop of Veroli. Personally the Bishop took us over to his Cathedral to show us the tomb of St. Mary Salome and the Church Treasury with its numerous relics, over 500. He showed us an old chalice that was used in former centuries when Holy Communion was distributed under both species. The chalice had a capacity of about a half gallon. There was a paten with it proportionately large. There is a very large relic of the Holy Cross there, one of the largest in the world. Then we saw a very precious treasure, the right hand and forearm of St. Matthew the Evangelist encased in a silver reliquary shaped like a hand and forearm. We very devoutly kissed the hand that wrote the holy Gospel. Alas, when we got back to Rome some skeptic smiled and remarked that it was really disputed whether this precious right hand of St. Matthew is in Veroli or in another town that he mentioned. He would have a hard time influencing the Bishop of Veroli with his scepticism; and I prefer to stand by the Bishop. Having been kept so long in the Cathedral we had to hurry back to the Sisters for an early dinner so that we could catch the bus for our trip to Monte Cassino. If time will be available I hope to get another letter off right soon, for there are many interesting things that I believe you will be glad to hear about. May God bless you all.

Yours most cordially,

✠ Ignatius, O. S. B.
Abbot.

Kaufbeuren,
October 13, 1937

Dear Confreres,

It is the feast of St. Edward and I remembered our Edwards at Mass this morning, said at Neu St. Joannis, Switzerland. Between scenery glimpses from the train window I will utilize the time by writing to you.

Our previous letter found us ready to go to Monte Cassino from Veroli.

It was a short trip by bus and by train. We arrived at Casino station at midafternoon and found an auto at the station waiting to take us to the Abbey. I was acquainted at Monte Cassino so there were no surprises or new scenes for me, except only the building or remodeling activities that the government was sponsoring. Years ago the Italian Government confiscated the Abbey property and counted it as a national possession and monument. In consequence they keep it in repair. Some time ago they offered to give the Abbey back to the monks who are its custodians, but they refused to accept the title to their Abbey. They prefer to let the government pay for the repairs. Incidentally the government officials are very friendly towards the monks. Perhaps it is because of the influence of Father Maurus who is a fine diplomat.

For the third time this same Father Maurus was my guide and custodian. He is the Abbey Librarian. Immediately on our arrival we went to the Abbey Church and heard the monks sing Vespers. It sounded most beautiful in that grand old church. After Vespers we had to take the unavoidable coffee. Having a librarian as my guide I spent much time in the library. Some prominent American schools, such as Harvard, keep in contact with the Benedictine library and productions at Monte Cassino. Often they send persons to make studies among these valuable manuscripts. Fr. Maurus showed me a grand lithographed book, the work of a former Abbot Piscicelli. In about 1877 he personally with the assistance of some helpers carved the stone obtained from Munich to lithograph in colors the beautiful initial letters and various Latin scripts found in the Abbey archives and library. Only four complete sets of the work were left.

This same Abbot Piscicelli produced another lithograph work. He wanted to make it a rare work, so he produced only two sets. One was put in the Abbey library, the other was bought by a rich American at a price that more than covered the cost of production of both volumes.

Leisurely I visited and prayed at the tomb of St. Benedict. I also spent much time inspecting the

Crypt. This is a grand monument to the genius of Desiderius Lenz, the Beuronese monk who executed and directed this work of art.

On the morning after our arrival there was an ordination service. The Abbot is also a Bishop. He ordained two priests and also a Subdeacon and conferred tonsure and two minor orders on one young Benedictine. The Ordination Mass was a *Missa recitata*. I was present and also imposed hands on the two young priests.

In the frescoes of the Abbey Church one finds portrayed men who were successively kings, monks at Monte Cassino, and Saints, also monks who became popes and Saints. Under most of the altars in the Abbey Church are relics of Saints who lived their lives in the abbey walls of Monte Cassino; men who walked through the same corridors through which the monks still walk to go to the choir stalls to chant God's praises. After the ordination Mass I visited the tower in which is the original cell occupied by St. Benedict at Monte Cassino. What a wonderful place for prayer. Here lived and legislated our Holy Father, the Patriarch of the Western Monks. I offered my Mass in Monte Cassino on the morning of September 18th for our own Abbey. In the afternoon Father Maurus accompanied me by cable car or "funivia" to the station. Suspended from the cable in our little basket car, big enough for about 8, we got a bird's-eye view of the town of Casino. I was back in Rome in time for supper.

The next two days I spent in Rome but did not go out much for sight-seeing. Only one little excursion trip was made in this time and that was by bus to Tivoli and the ruins of the Villa of Hadrian. At Tivoli a former Cardinal had a palatial residence and a garden decorated with fountains of all possible kinds. In the region around Tivoli are many grapes. The vineyards are arranged in a unique manner. Numerous upright posts support a network of wires on which a solid mat of grapevines grow. One can easily walk upright beneath this mat of vines to cut grapes in the shade. From a distance such a vineyard looks more like a meadow than a vineyard.

There was still time left before the General Chapter, so I decided to take in a most interesting tour through important Italian towns. I bought a ticket for this bus tour through Viterbo, Orvieto, Perugia, Assisi, Portiuncula, Siena and S. Gimignano, to Florence. It was a three day trip beginning on a Tuesday morning, September 21, and ending on a Thursday evening on arrival in Florence. I asked the ticket salesman at what time the bus would leave. "Eight o'clock," was the answer. But the good man advised me to be on hand at 7:30 so I would get a good seat in the bus. I was there at 7:20 A. M. And, lo and behold! I was the only passenger for the trip, which chanced to be the last of the season. An entire bus of the "Società Italiana Trasporti Automobilistici" was at my disposal. There was a choice of any one of twenty seats. When my chauffeur and I rumbled into important towns *guides* met us and showed *me* around! We had not got very far out of Rome when a very unusual sight was observed: a man plowing with a tractor. It was the only tractor I saw in Italy.

Orvieto, north of Rome, was our first important stop. This city of 20,000 inhabitants has a worthwhile cathedral. The most beautiful part of it is the façade. Lighted up by the forenoon sun, its rich gold mosaics made the whole façade stand out like a gigantic picture planted on the earth. This cathedral was built by Pope Urban IV. It contains in the tabernacle of a side chapel the corporal miraculously stained by the Precious Blood. At Bolsena a nearby town a priest said Mass one morning. His name was Peter of Prague, and he was on his way to Rome. This Peter was weak in his faith in the Eucharistic Presence. At the breaking of the host drops of blood fell from the host onto the corporal. Not only Peter's faith but also that of other eye-witnesses was renewed. Pope Urban in solemn procession had this stained corporal carried to nearby Orvieto where it has remained since that far-off year of 1264. This miracle gave rise to the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi in Orvieto, which feast was later extended to the entire Church.

St. Thomas Aquinas living at the time in the Dominican Convent in Orvieto was commissioned to write the Office for the feast. A painting in the chapel where the corporal is kept shows St. Thomas reading this Office written by himself to Pope Urban IV.

Another very valuable treasure in the cathedral of Orvieto is the crucifix from which Christ spoke to St. Thomas those beautiful words: "Bene scripsisti de me, Thomas." "Thou has written well of Me, Thomas." This crucifix at the time of that miracle was in the Dominican Church in Orvieto where St. Thomas stayed for a time. Most of that church has now been torn down. It was cruciform. Only the transverse nave now remains whereas the principal nave has been removed. Over a door or a window at the Epistle side of this transverse nave, the crucifix hung at the time of the miracle. Somehow, whenever I think of St. Thomas Aquinas, a feeling of regret comes over me because of the unchristian act of his family members who interfered with his vocation and thus prevented him from becoming a Benedictine. This great luminary of the Church was taken from his Benedictine cradle to be placed into a Dominican professorial chair. St. Thomas lived in the Abbey of Monte Cassino from his sixth to his fifteenth year. Therefore nine of his most impressionable years were spent under the benign influence of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict. He would have remained at Monte Cassino and become a Benedictine, but Aquinas was close to the Abbey and his folks fought the idea of Thomas's becoming a religious. To carry out his wish he sought a more distant religious house and thus became a Dominican. Doubtless the design of God used the family opposition for a good purpose. This instance merely is another proof of the wide and powerful influence of St. Benedict, the Patriarch of the Western Monks. He through his sons helped the Franciscans to get a start, by supplying the Portiuncula for the use of St. Francis. He helped the Jesuits at Montserrat where one of his sons gave St. Ignatius a retreat that proved to be a wonderful start. He formed the early years of the

greatest Dominican luminary, St. Thomas Aquinas.

It was noontime at Orvieto after the interesting experiences there, and the tour plan called for lunch at the Palace Hotel, so that is where I ate before proceeding to Todi and other interesting places. I am finishing this letter in the Abbey of Metten in Bavaria on Thursday night, the eve of the Feast of the great Saint Theresa. It is bedtime and I am tired after having traveled from Munich by train via Landshut to Deggendorf. There Father Prior of Metten met me with an auto and a chauffeur. We arrived at the Abbey in time for 7:00 o'clock supper. Two Fraters from Cullman, Alabama, were at table with us. They had arrived a few hours earlier on their way to S. Anselmo's in Rome. My stay in Munich was very short. Yet I had the privilege of meeting a real character and hero in the person of Cardinal Faulhaber. I called on him this forenoon and enjoyed a half hour chat with him. He seemed much interested in the many activities of St. Meinrad, especially our Indian mission work and our Junior Brother plan. As I left he remarked: "Whenever you hear that this old Bishop has passed away, please say a prayer for me." I assured him it would not be necessary to wait that long to remember him in prayer.

At St. Boniface Abbey as well as at Einsiedeln Abbey I saw many interesting letters about St. Meinrad. You can tell Fr. Cyril that the man who writes the history of St. Meinrad must by all means spend much time in Einsiedeln and Munich to gather information. In Munich I said Mass in the great St. Boniface Church and visited in it the tomb of King Louis of Bavaria. He was a Benefactor of our Abbey. Henceforth, when I hear his name announced annually in our Abbey necrology, I'll think of that big simple tomb in the rear Epistle corner of the Basilica Church he built at a cost of about \$740,000.00. He was a Catholic ruler. May God grant us some more like him.

Your most cordially,
✠ Ignatius, O. S. B.
Abbot.

GIVE AND TAKE

New York City

Dear Editor:

What can I do about this problem: the fact that my teen age children are avid readers of the daily newspaper? What dreadful sex-salacious, sensational head-lines to which we, the parents, are more or less hardened! In my youth there came to the home the dignified "Public Ledger" of George W. Child's editorial control, but to-day, that same sheet gives us every tawdry mess, hashed up in garbage-can fashion and in scavenger language. Only such yellow sheets as the "Police Gazette" handled that type of news when I was a youth, but to-day, in millions of homes, in different forms, these pages reach the eyes of children and adolescents. The morning paper is a habit, but the present policy of printing news often unfit to print makes crime, lust, and scandal almost a heroic virtue. Yet, we must have the daily news. What can be done?

Yours in distress,
M. S. K.

Dear friend "in distress":

You say: "Yet, we *must* have the daily news." Does this necessity arise because of some business or economic reason, or do you mean by must that in our modern day reading the daily news has become a quasi necessity? It is quite evident to your pilot that a case of *must* cannot be applied to children of "teen age," in the matter of reading newspapers.

You are correct in describing the average daily sheet that comes to homes. Lewd pictures and salacious reading matter in these dailies are the ruin of our youth and children. Yet, your pilot has found a few daily papers that can be read even by youth, allowing for an occasional story or picture that ought to be cut out before the paper be given over to children in homes. The New York Times makes it a point to scandalize no child. It can be had for two cents in New York City and for three cents anywhere within a radius of two hundred miles. And what about our daily *Catholic Tribune*?

All theologians agree, no one excepted, that parents have a grave obligation to provide for the material as well as spiritual welfare of their children. All theologians agree, not one excepted, that books, news-

papers, and the moving picture shows are apt to be *proximate* occasions of sin. All theologians agree that salacious reading matter in books, newspapers, and lewd pictures, constitute a grave matter, a grave obligation on the part of par-



MEDALLIONS OF MARY

Stainless, Purest of the earth
As a flower in her birth,
Immaculate.

Olive branch and virgin dove,
Symbol of truth, peace, and love,
The Queen of Peace.

With the Child on her arm,
Nestling there so safe from harm,
Madonna dear.

Standing there on Calvary's hill
Till the God-Man's heart was still,
The Martyrs' Queen.

—Paschal Boland, O. S. B.

ents to keep such things from their children. The Catholic mother can do much, not only by inculcating feelings of shame, but also by using her scissors and cutting out of papers that which children and youth must not see nor read.

The answer to your question "what can be done?" Do as Nuns

and others do in Catholic homes and institutions; use your scissors. Cut out all that is bad for innocent eyes and hearts. Save your children from eternal doom, *cost what it may*.

Your sympathetic Old Pilot.

Norfolk, Virginia

Dear Pilot:

Boys are such a puzzle to me. You have many boys under your care and so you must know them, and will, I trust, be ready to help an anxious mother. I am so eager to hold my son's confidence, but even now, though he is only fifteen, I fear I am beginning to lose it. He seems to resent my questions, my advice, and my demands to know where he has been and whom he has been with.

Recently he became involved in an unpleasant incident because he was found in a group of boys who were disturbing the place by their language and rough conduct. Naturally I was greatly upset over the incident, and when I sought to question him, I found he simply refused to talk. From one of his boy friends I finally learned the truth, that he was really not to blame and was greatly mortified about the whole thing. But why, dear Old Pilot, couldn't he have told his mother? He has usually been ready to tell me everything and allow me to guide him in the smallest matters. Only late has this new phase of silence developed, and I seem to be on the outside as it were, no longer permitted to share his little worries and thoughts. Have I made a mistake? Do I talk too much? Help me to keep close to my boy and I will be so grateful for your advice.

Just a Mother.

Dear Mother:

You are not the first mother who has found her son a problem—especially at the age of fifteen. And I wish it were easy to give such a mother a ready solution to her problem.

A son at that age is very interesting—and difficult. In his earlier years, blessed probably by a good home background, the boy has gone on with a goodness that seemed to flow on, more or less as a matter of course. It was not hard to be good. But other days must come. The boy

begins to leave boyhood for manhood; and the road is not an easy one. Life for him now, with adolescence, is a ferment. Passions until now dormant begin to assert themselves. His whole being seems to be undergoing a radical change. And not understanding it all, the boy becomes a puzzle to others because he is a puzzle to himself. Now, if ever, he needs a sympathetic, understanding, patient friend.

How, then, is a mother to deal with such a son? Much will depend, of course, upon the mother and the son—their own temperaments, abilities, past and present relationships. Every boy is an individual problem. The first need, however, will be tact; and this tact will resolve itself into a sympathetic understanding of the boy's difficulties. This understanding often must be silent, not vocal. Too much talking will irritate; for the emotions are now delicately sensitive. I recall here a young man who claimed to have been turned away from his religious duties because his mother, a very good woman, talked too much religion to him and the family. Too much talking may seem to be nagging—at least to the boy; and nagging especially will bar any approach to the boy's confidence. Do not talk at, nor down to, but with your son. And—what I feel is particularly important—do this talking to him when you and he are alone. If you are to obtain his confidence, try to find an occasion when he is alone, relaxed; it may be best for both of you to sit down, and relax: talk matters over quietly, coolly, sympathetically—"I know just how you feel; it is a hard time of life, and I feel sorry for you; but still..." Perhaps it may be better to talk at night; circumstances may make it easier even after the rest of the family have retired, and in a room not too brilliantly lighted. However, these circumstances should not be forced. Small details? Yes. But they all may help.

I stressed being alone. To question your son in the presence of others gives the whole affair a courtroom atmosphere—and his pride will naturally flare up, and shut the doors to a closer approach. Of course, these intimate talks with your son need not be too frequent. But they may enable him to "open up"—so valuable for him, and so difficult. Betray no surprise at his admissions; do not let yourself be scandalized. Talk to him about his difficulties objectively, as though they belonged to a third person, not present for the moment. And you and he are trying to find remedies to help this "other person" overcome his weakness which have been admitted.

All this takes patience—and time. Where is the young man who will

come to his worries at once, and not after a tortuous long route to what is really bothering him? You can, and should, be firm in indicating the principles he must follow; but objective principles binding you and him. Yet all this in kindness and patience, showing no personal exasperation at his misdeeds, even while firmly pointing out the proper thing to do.

Tact will make you wait until a suitable opportunity presents itself to have a good talk with your perplexing—and perplexed—son. And then "lay your cards on the table before him," simply, frankly. There must be much silent, patient observation—not too much talking and questioning. And finally there must be prayer, above all else. After all, the soul of a boy struggling with the adjustments of adolescence—in travail before the birth of the man—is a singularly sacred thing. And it is a fascinating thing. Surely worth the prayers and patient efforts of a worthy but anxious mother such as you.

I should not keep you longer—but may I add a little incident? God be praised for you noble mothers! I recall a mother who felt she was losing the confidence of and the control over her son. She was a wonderful mother, and she felt deeply concerned. One evening she wrote a brief note in which she let her heart speak to that son, told him of her anxiety, and finished by remarking that some day after she was gone he would realize the meaning of it all. This note she laid aside of his bed. That night, in bad humor, her boy had gone to bed without coming to bid the usual good-night to his mother. Late that night as the good mother still worked over her sewing, she heard timid footsteps—her pajama-clad boy slipped up, kissed her, and slipped back to bed. And his eyes were not dry, either. To-day that mother has gone to God; that boy is a priest and monk.

Your old Pilot.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

It is almost impossible at times to keep peace in our home because every one has fallen into the habit of nagging and fault finding. It is almost unbearable at times, as the older ones particularly nag at the younger children, reducing them to tears of rage and exasperation. The nagging is most common at mealtimes when peace should prevail. Usually it is some lapse of table manners that starts the ball rolling, or methods of working, and wearing apparel ap-

propriated by others. It seems that the older children "pick" upon the older ones. It is certainly becoming a miserable habit with us. What can I do?

Harassed Mother—

Harassed Mother:

Have you found yourself at times lapsing into constant criticism? Have you corrected the faults of one of your children in the hearing of all? Perhaps you are a woman of high ideals and wish to inculcate them by constant scolding at every failure?

One can seldom cure faults by scolding. On the other hand, criticisms made by parents, mothers particularly with a quiet manner of reasoning, especially with the older children, should bring about a happier feeling.

Mothers seldom criticize with the intent to wound and hurt, as most children do. Mothers and fathers, too, criticize with the sincere belief of improving a condition rather than shaming a child.

Children, as a rule, are not conscious that they are malicious. They may have good motives too. Older ones want to assert their authority or appear more mature and clever. Sometimes older children get the idea that younger ones are "pets" and favorites and harass them with that idea in view.

Then, too, parents fall into the habit of criticizing neighbors, relatives, and friends in the hearing of their children, and thus the seeds of the habit grow.

Be more sympathetic. Try to make your intention regarding the criticism clear. Try to make others see your point of view, the circumstances that may alter cases.

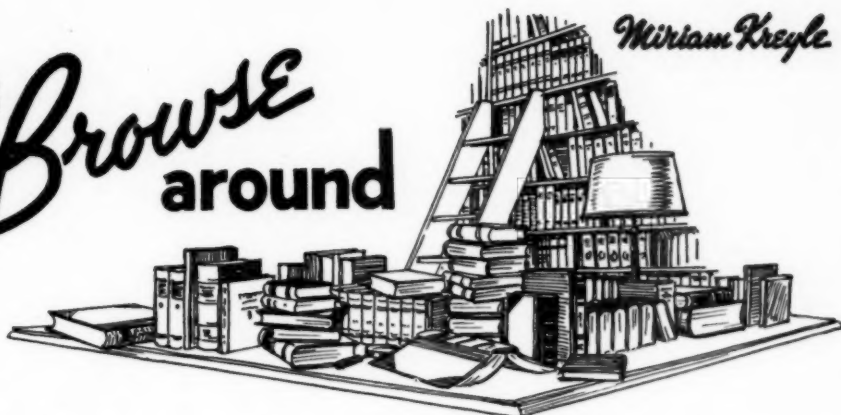
A gentle tone must be insisted upon. Tone affects younger children especially. Let only one speak at a time. This courtesy will often check the harsh words that spring suddenly in irritation. It also makes for less noise at the table.

Praise is such an enjoyable agent for a critic that it should be more generally used. Begin your criticism with an effort of appreciation and the kind words will temper the wind of honest criticism. Find the facts in the matter that can be praised first and then try to throw the unfavorable facts into the limelight and the contrast will speak for itself.

Don't be too pessimistic about all things. Don't be too critical of things. One never rises very high if he is constantly tearing down. The most miserable of God's creatures are the regulators of His Universe.

Let's Browse around

Miriam Kreyfe



WE BRING you this month a shelf of all Catholic books each worthy of your gayest Christmas wrappings, each a treasure trove for the selective reader. Foremost place we give to **Brother Petroc's Return** by S. M. C. (Little, Brown). The story is built upon a promise made by our Lady; even though the immutable laws of nature must be set aside, this promise must be kept. The scene, an ancient Benedictine monastery on a remote and isolated part of the Cornish coast, deserted by its own brethren when Catholic persecution drove them out in 1549.

One often wonders what would be the reactions of men of long ago if they could come back and see the world today. Brother Petroc will tell you. Only the unchanging stability of St. Benedict's Rule saves him in the confusion of modern thought. The surge of the outside world makes itself felt even in this remote monastery. He finds accidents confused with essentials; men looking within their own hearts so easily lost sight of "God and His Beautiful Will."

The miracle of Brother Petroc's presence in St. Brice's is carefully guarded by a wise Abbot. A gentle but zealous Sub-prior watches over the health of the delicate guest Mary has confided to their care, while a well-meaning but blundering Dom Maurus hastens the inevitable. Though Brother Petroc is often puzzled and bewildered by our modern ways, there is a peace and serenity about the whole story that is none the less intense, drawing you almost

breathlessly on toward the final chapter, which is like a one-act drama in itself.

"Human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe Providence." Rose Lathrop read those words from an old book of her mother's when her heart was aching with sorrow and loneliness and she resolved to pay her debt of love. St. Vincent de Paul's motto became her motto: "I am for God and the poor." So down into the lower east side tenements of New York she went to minister to the most neglected and forgotten of the poor—those suffering from cancer. Her exclusive Concord and Boston friends thought she must be demented, but when she remained steadfast in her work, and begged help for her stricken charges, they became interested and finally helpful.

Today on Rosary Hill in Hawthorne, New York, and in New York City stand two great hospitals erected through the unwavering courage, sacrifice, and endeavor of Mother Alphonsa, O. S. D., founder of the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer. Katherine Burton tells her life in **Sorrow Built A Bridge** (Longmans Green). We are given intimate pictures of the happy home life of the Hawthorne family as they tramped about the countries of Europe or mingled with the *litterati* of New England, the Alcotts, the Thoreaus, the Emersons and the Channings. Rome left an indelible impression upon the youngest daughter and did much to soften the eastern Puritan-

ical views of her parents. Her marriage with George Parsons Lathrop, brilliant writer and editor, appeared to be ideal, but it was clouded with pain and suffering. However, it was through her husband that she was led into the Church, and when separation proved the only solution to their unhappy marriage, she found refuge in giving her talents to the Church and the "poorest of God's Poor." Science may finally strike down the curse of Cancer, but Nathaniel Hawthorne's youngest daughter has built a monument for herself in the hearts and grateful prayers of countless victims of the dread disease.

In 1932 Sister M. Monica of the Brown County Ursulines was sent to Spain to study a difficult phase in Spanish-American History. During three years of study and travel she gathered materials and impressions which she has published under the title **And Then The Storm** (Longmans Green). Gradually she realized the underlying forces which were working their sinister way in Catholic Spain, but she little dreamed how soon these forces would break forth and claim many of her dear religious friends.

In Seville she stayed in a Convent where young servant girls were trained. From the chatter and weekly confidence of these young girls she gained an insight into social and economic conditions. Her studies and researches gave her contacts with prominent educators, students, and statesmen, and she made the most of every acquaintance. A clever infantry officer in Seville explained

the complicated make-up of the Cortes with its seventeen different parties, known as the Left, the Right, and the Center.

It's real fun to travel with Sister Monica. Many a dusty old document unearthed in the pursuit of her subject, Francisco de Toledo, but she finds time to dream of Phillip II and Charles V as she wanders through the palaces they built. In Avila she visited the Convent of the Great St. Teresa and gazed on the faded handwriting which she describes as "sections from the very heart of her times." In La Rabida she visited spots sacred to Columbus and throws new light on his history. On a June morning she stood on a balcony in San Jacinto and watched the pilgrimage of the Romeria, "most romantic, most typical, and most curious of all Spanish customs."

See Spain with the laughing, scholarly Sister Monica, and you will better understand "—the Storm."

Stories that interest the young maid in her teens are too often infected with silly thrills and modern "isms." Not so *Ann of Greystones* by May A. Feehan (Kenedy). The story has no great plot, no extremely dramatic situations, but it is a happy story in the lighter vein. Ann, Peg, Thornton, and Ted are just four ordinary young people meeting the usual joys and knocks of life. Fate has placed Thornton into the cold atmosphere of Greystones. Ann's warm and sympathetic nature finds the way to melt the ice about her father's heart and the old mansion becomes her real home. The Tracy family might have been created by Louise Alcott and a Christmas at their humble fireside is just the jolliest possible event for a crowd of young people. Good fortune comes to Ann but does not spoil her, and she shares her every pleasure with her old friend Peg. Then romance comes in. Ann seems to waver and the love stories go awry, but the author pulls the strings and lo! all is well. The "foursome" are reunited and like all good tales "they marry and live happily ever after."

Rev. C. J. Kearns, C. P., has just completed a detailed account of *The Life of Blessed Martin de Porres* (Kenedy), a Saintry American

Negro and Patron of Social Justice. The book makes no effort for literary style, but the author has used his material well. Blessed Martin emerges as a remarkable instance of what one humble person can accomplish when motivated by Christian love for his fellow-men. It should prove a real aid toward the canonization of this saintly character so loved and venerated by his own race.

Canon Adalbert Brenninkmeyer, D. D., spent many years giving retreats to religious communities of men and women. His experiences, thoughts, and lectures were carefully recorded in a notebook and now they come to us in *Hours of Contemplation* (Kenedy). The thoughts

GOD'S MYSTERY---AND YOU

A. K.

Kind night on lonely hill prepared a
cave

For guests—one, Lily Heaven-bede-
wowed, so fair!—

And hung her brightest lamps all
o'er the sky

To guide them there. 'T was there
God's Maid, in prayer,

Her Child, sweet perfume to herself,
us gave.

He's God-Man. Why stand listless,
doubting, why?

Come, join the Angels, Shepherds,
Kings, and us;

Sing: "Gloria Deo, Pax hominibus."

are crystal clear and noble in their simplicity full of fervor and earnest feeling. It is just a little book but mighty in its helpfulness and understanding.

The new *Manual For The Oblates of St. Benedict*, just issued by the Abbot of St. John's Abbey is not only an adequate provision for the present needs of Secular Oblates of St. Benedict, but it is also a splendidly edited volume, which every Oblate will be proud to have.

The years of research and preparation of Abbot Alcuin in editing this *Manual* give it an authority and finish surpassing the fondest hopes of Oblate promoters. The widespread

use of this excellent work will do much to popularize the little known Institute of the Secular Oblates of St. Benedict. Its clear and concise summary of Benedictine Life, and the well chosen extracts from the ascetic maxims of the Holy Rule will make it a valuable handbook for Benedictine Priests working on the missions and parishes.

The new *Manual* contains not only the official Statutes and Rules for Oblates, but also the history of the Oblates, spiritual instruction, short readings, meditations, a complete short Office for Oblates, select aspirations from the psalms, and the various ceremonies for investiture, etc., of Oblates. There is also a detailed description of the Medal of St. Benedict; a treatise on the present status of the Benedictine Order; and suggestions for priests showing how they can build up the spiritual life of their parishioners by fostering the Institute of the Oblates. Lastly there is a calendar of Benedictine Saints for every day in the year, and a valuable reading list of books on the Benedictine Order and way of life.

Our December Book Shelf

Brother Petroc's Return, by S. M. C., (Little, Brown & Co.) Price \$1.75.

Sorrow Built a Bridge, by Katherine Burton, (Longmans) Price \$2.50.

... *And Then The Storm*, by Sister M. Monica (Longmans) Price \$2.50.

Ann of Greystones, by May A. Feehan, (Kenedy) Price \$2.00.

Blessed Martin De Porres, by C. J. Kearns, O. P. (Kenedy) Price \$1.50.

Saint Paul's Hymn of Charity, by a Sister of Notre Dame (Kenedy) Price \$.50.

The Diary of a Country Priest, by Georges Bernanos, (The Macmillan Co.) Price \$2.75.

Hours of Contemplation, by Canon Adalbert Brenninkmeyer, D. D., (Kenedy) Price \$1.00.

The Little House, by Christine Chester Crowell, (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) Price \$2.00. A beautiful book for little girls.

To be published in November

Correspondent in Spain, by H. E. Knoblaugh, (Sheed & Ward) Price \$2.50.

Spanish Rehearsal, by Arnold Lunn, (Sheed & Ward) Price \$2.50.

St. Benedict, by Dom Justin McCann, (Sheed & Ward) \$3.00.

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